OUT OF THE WAY PLACES

WM. G. FRIZELL

Miss Hackett:

With the compliments of the author,

Wm. S. Fuzell,

Dayton, O., June 5, 1909.

OUT OF THE WAY PLACES

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A Norwegian Belle

OUT OF THE WAY PLACES

WM. G. FRIZELL

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1909

Dayton, Ohio
Press of United Brethren Publishing House
Nineteen Hundred and Nine

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PREFACE

OFF and on, for some years, in the summer months, I have stolen away from my law office, and have crossed the seas and roamed strange lands. On those travels I have written, irregularly, many letters to the papers of Dayton, describing my observations, experiences, and sensations. These letters have not always dealt with the most important objects, but with those that momentarily appealed to me.

From these letters, describing the odds and ends of travel, I have selected some telling of less familiar places, and these I have combined and revised, and now put forth in this little book.

My motive for these travels has been the simple love of travel, and is expressed in these lines from Kipling's poem, "The Feet of the Young Men":

"He must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world he's overdue,
'Send your road is clear before you when
the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!

* * * *

"Unto each the voice and vision; unto
each his spoor and sign—
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty
sweat bath 'neath the line—
And to each a man that knows
his naked soul!"

WM. G. FRIZELL.

Dayton, Ohio.

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OUT OF THE WAY PLACES

CHAPTER I.

JAPAN—DREAMLAND.

JAPAN is dreamland. It does not seem like a real land. So beautiful and picturesque are the islands, so small and unique the people, so artistic their creations, so fascinating and yet so strange is everything that it seems as if it must be a land conjured up in one's fancy.

Japan is called the "Land of the Rising Sun," but like the land of dreams, it is also located in the region of the setting sun. I found it by following the setting sun for twenty-one days across land and sea, following it beyond flowery Hawaii, the paradise of the Pacific, and beyond the 180th meridian, where a day is dropped from the calendar, and the far, far West becomes the Far East. Here, rising out of a warm, rich blue sea, wrapped in a hazy atmosphere that makes it an artist's paradise, are great green islands, some three to four thousand in numbers.

Frequently the first glimpse of these islands, as one approaches Yokohama, is caught not by looking off toward the horizon, but by looking

skyward. Then there is seen above the clouds the summit of Japan's sacred mountain, Fujiyama, which lifts its head nearly thirteen thousand feet, and wears around its brow an almost constant wreath of mists. As I saw from the steamer's deck, across the seas, up in the heavens, above the clouds, as if suspended in the air, the great summit of this magnificent mountain, it seemed to me that it was a fitting representative of Japan, which does not seem like a part of this earth of ours, but rather a land ethereal, a land of fancy, or a land of dreams.

As is proper, too, for dreamland, Japan is woman's land. If I were asked to paint a picture representing, in a single figure, Japan, I would paint the picture of a smiling Japanese girl. With her sweetness, mildness, and brightness, she best represents the fascination of Japan. Japan is woman's land, as China is man's land. Japan is the land of Miss Cherry Blossom, and of Madame Chrysanthemum, while China is the land of John Chinaman. Master Cherry Blossom, Mr. Chrysanthemum, and Mrs. John Chinaman are all secondary personages. Curiously, in Japan men wear women's clothes, and in China women wear men's clothes. In Japan men wear the long-skirted kimono, while in China women wear broad pantaloons.

To travelers, the Japanese girls and women are among the most fascinating in the world. Their

charm is peculiar to themselves. It results largely from an extreme development of the so-called feminine qualities of mildness, kindliness, and sympathy. It is expressed in their ever-ready smile. Their smile is one of bright, curious, kindly, sympathetic interest.

No visitor ever forgets the sensations and impressions of his first night in that strange country, especially if he meets Japanese girls and women. After dinner, at the luxurious Grand Hotel, several of us stepped out upon the veranda to listen to the music of a Japanese orchestra. Soon some jinrikisha men persuaded us to take a ride. Seated in these strange vehicles, with lighted Japanese paper lanterns swinging from the shafts, drawn by bobbing bronze men, we dashed through several deserted streets in the European quarter, and suddenly emerged into a crowded, busy Japanese city. Here was a dense city of little yellow men and women, gliding along unpaved streets, lined on either side with unsubstantial two-story frame houses, with the fronts all open, and streets and houses all lighted with picturesque paper lanterns. While these little yellow people, in a matter-of-fact way, were shopping, marketing, and soberly attending to the serious duties of life, yet in their curious costumes, and in the mingled light of the gaily colored Japanese paper lanterns, they seemed to be denizens of a different world.

Up and down these crowded streets we rode, looking, wondering, dreaming, until suddenly the wise jinrikisha men dropped their shafts in the open front of a celebrated tea house. Here we were greeted instantly by a little, low-bowing gentleman, the personification of hospitable politeness, and cordially bade welcome. Clumsily dismounting for the first time from a jinrikisha, we were escorted through a hall, scrupulously neat, to a large and airy dining-room. While the supper was being arranged, about a dozen *geisha* girls in their pretty costumes came in and entertained us. We were not particularly enchanted with their music, but between performances these little girls delighted us by their tittering, giggling, and broken English small talk. Shortly, a light supper of rice, fish, and sweet cakes was served, and we had our first lesson from laughing teachers in the use of chopsticks. Until late we lingered, and when we returned to the hotel it was long I lay awake, my brain all awhirl with the memory of the strange, fantastic scenes of the first day and evening in Japan, and in a sort of doze I wondered whether I was in a real land or in a truly dreamland. That wonder never wore off.

Japan is the most curious civilized country in the world. From the ship's approach to Yokohama until its departure everything is curious. From the almost naked sampan men, upon whose

bronze muscles glistened the sun, who poled out in their unpainted boats to meet our ship, and who, on account of a passing shower, put on thatched straw hats and thatched straw coats, that so completely hid them that they looked like little moving straw stacks, to the miniature policemen who sailed down the bay with our departing ship, and stopped us at the entrance to take off stowaways, all is curious.

The vehicles are curious. The usual beast of burden is man. He pushes the carts, pulls the carriages, carries loads on his head, or suspended at the ends of poles that are slung across his shoulders. The favorite vehicle is the jinrikisha, which is a baby cab on buggy wheels, with shafts, and pulled by men. The Japanese word means "man-pull-car," and some American girl has transposed it into "pull-man-car," or Pullman car of the Far East. It was invented about 1870 by a Mr. Goble, an American Baptist missionary, with an invalid wife, and it at once became very popular in the Far East. In Tokio alone there are over forty thousand of them.

Riding in these vehicles has a certain thrill of excitement, for the men usually run, with their heads down, through the narrow crowded streets, and their object seems to be to come as near every obstacle as possible without hitting it. One day I was being taken to the railway station, and as down the narrow street my man went

bobbing along with head down, I noticed another one coming in the opposite direction in the same manner. In his jinrikisha sat a young English lady. When we concluded that a head-on collision was inevitable, both of us grabbed the sides of our vehicles, but the men quickly veered and passed in safety. After that I felt that jinrikisha men never collide, until I saw the flaring headlines in the "Japan Mail": "A Jinrikisha Accident. A Noted Traveler Severely Injured."

One reason why man carries the burdens in Japan is that animals are few. In a week's time in Kyoto, a city the size of Cincinnati, I saw but five horses, and two of them were in a circus. Horses are comparatively rare. Up in the mountains around Nikko there are a number of small ponies. The streets of Japanese cities in the interior are almost horseless.

Cattle are kept mostly for the foreigners, as the Japanese do not eat beef, or milk and butter, as we do. In a semi-foreign Japanese inn at Nara, I was dining with some Americans, when the hotel cat came into the room. An American girl, noticing a little milk in the mug, poured it into a saucer and put it upon the floor for the cat to drink. While the cat was enjoying the feast of its life, there entered the wife of the proprietor. As soon as she saw the cat drinking milk she threw up her hands in horror, and for half an hour she went around muttering about

the dreadful extravagance of the Americans who would give milk to a cat. These cats, in passing I might say, are short-tailed, much like rabbits.

The Japanese inns are curious and furnish a succession of surprises. My first stay at a purely Japanese inn was at a small, out-of-the-way interior city to which we were sent on account of a landslide ahead on the railway. The inn, like most Japanese buildings, was only two stories high, and built of wood because of the frequency and severity of earthquakes. At the entrance we removed our shoes and gave them to the servants. On account of the soft reed mats that cover Japanese floors, shoes can never be worn into inns, residences, temples, theaters, and oftentimes not into stores. Our foreign shoes are an incumbrance in Japan, and I finally seldom laced them, but had them ready to slip off. The Japanese wear a little block of wood called a "geta" with stilts beneath, and a double cord that passes between the big toe and the next and then over the foot, so that they can readily step out of their shoes.

On entering the inn the five Americans in our party were assigned a wing, which consisted of one long room with two end walls, but no side walls. There was no furniture in it, except the mat upon the floor. There were no chairs, as the Japanese do not sit on chairs, the Chinese being the only Asiatics who do. We accordingly sat

down in the middle of the floor. Soon maids brought us fresh kimonos to put on, sweet cakes to eat, and a brazier in which to light our pipes or cigarets. The Japanese use long, straight reed pipes with a very small bowl, which requires constant refilling.

At supper-time small individual taborets were brought in, and the inn furnished us with rice, chicken, and egg omelet, while we had some bread with us. Towards bed-time servants put up paper screens, fitting in grooves in the floor and ceiling for outside walls, and likewise put paper screens crosswise in other grooves to make the dividing walls of the four rooms into which the large one was converted.

For a bed a quilt was placed upon the floor, the Japanese use no bedstead, a second was rolled up for a pillow, and a third was spread over us. The Japanese do not use our pillow, but have instead a little wooden pillow, covered with a cloth, about the size of a rail. It looks so much like a railroad rail, that the story runs that when the first railroad was built by foreigners in China, the Chinese, who have the same kind of a pillow, thought that the rails were pillows placed there for their comfort, and insisted upon sleeping upon them, so that trains could not run at night. The reason for the use of such a pillow is that the Japanese and Chinese women arrange their hair in such elaborate and fantastic forms. They dress

it only once or twice a week, so they require a pillow that will not muss their hair.

Shortly after I had retired, I was startled at finding one of my paper walls opening, and a couple of Japanese maids coming in and beginning to carry off my clothes. I called to my friend who could speak Japanese, and the maids told him that as the wooden exterior screens were not in use, that robbers could easily enter through the paper screens, and steal our clothes and baggage. We yielded our belongings, but the two American ladies insisted upon taking their umbrellas to bed with them to fight the robbers when they entered.

No robbers appeared, but in the morning the problem was to get dressed. I called for my clothes, and was soon surprised at noticing a servant carrying them to the ladies' room. Men and women wear practically the same clothes in Japan. When my clothes were delivered to me the maids of the inn began promenading through my room. A wall would suddenly open, and a couple of maids appear. After gesticulating them out of the room I would hardly have time to jump up and close the wall before having to dive back into bed on account of the opening of an opposite wall. Finally, between visits, I managed to get into my clothes. We were the first foreign curiosities that had come under the close observation of these inn servants.

Before breakfast each of our party was presented by the proprietor with a tooth-brush, in the shape of a stick about eight inches long, with one end crushed into fine fiber, and also a small package of tooth-powder. When we paid our bill, which was very reasonable, we made the proprietor a present of the customary tip, and he sent to us, at the train, by special messenger, a high-sounding note of thanks for honoring his inn with our patronage, and inviting us to return. Subsequent experiences in Japanese inns were very pleasant, and one soon prefers them to the large foreign hotels of the cities.

As the landslide was not removed, we took on the train, to transport ourselves and baggage across the country to another railway, some ten jinrikisha men with their vehicles. We traveled by rail forty miles, then we left the train and went by a round-about route, over roads about four feet wide, through a country studded with neat, clean villages. News of our coming must have gone ahead, for the village populations were lined up to see the strange caravan. These people probably had never been visited by foreigners before. Our young American lady, with her big hat and feathers, attracted more attention than a goddess of liberty in a circus parade. The Japanese women wear no hats. The villagers presented to us as interesting a scene as we to them. They were there in their clothes and

half clothes. Clothes have not long been regarded as a necessity in Japan, and they are now worn by adults with considerable variety as to amount, and by small children frequently not at all. These villagers looked like a hard-working set of people. They received us pleasantly, with smiles. Much of the country through which we rode was a beautiful rice-growing country; the rice fields were covered with about five inches of water.

Finally we were all ferried across a wide, swift river in sampans, and reached a little village on the railway. As we had to wait here for about two hours we went to the village inn. It was built at the corner of two streets, and the first floor consisted of one large room with both walls on the sides towards the streets removed. In our stocking feet we sat on the floor, while a curious crowd of about fifty stood in the streets and watched us. We still had some bread with us, so we bought a sort of Japanese honey, made from the bean, some large peaches with a very red meat, and some mineral water, and thus improvised a lunch, which the crowd with interest enjoyed watching us eat. Above our heads swung several straw cages in which were imprisoned grasshoppers, that chirped at intervals. In a distant part of the room sat a number of Japanese guests waiting for the train, one of whom, anxious to keep his kimono in good condition, took it off

and folded it up in a handkerchief, and sat in his loin-cloth. Frequently that is done on the trains. Altogether we were in strange and curious environments.

The Japanese inns have a number of peculiarities. One of them is the bath. The Japanese are the cleanest people in the world. With them, cleanliness is more than godliness, for they bathe oftener than they pray. The story is told that in one of the villages the people apologized for not being as clean as usual, saying that at that time of year they were so busy that they could take only two baths a day, while ordinarily they took five baths daily. In Tokio there are about eight hundred public baths, at which over half a million baths are taken daily. So fond are the Japanese of water that in all contracts for service, even in those of coolies outside of Japan, it is always specified in the agreement the number of gallons of hot water the person is to have weekly for bathing purposes.

The Japanese bath is peculiar in a number of respects. The water is usually about 112° Fahrenheit, so that the first time a foreigner steps into the tub he jumps out quickly for fear that he will be boiled before he can get out. A foreigner, however, soon learns to enjoy it. Then a person always soaps and washes himself before he gets into the tub, and there instead of lying down, he sits up with the water about to

his chin. In Japanese families and country inns the water is usually changed but once a day. All the members of a family, or guests, take turns about bathing in the same water. I prefered the first turn, but sometimes had the last; however, the water is always clear. Men and women frequently bathe in the same bathroom at the same time. In Tokio the public baths have only a lattice screen between the bathers and the street. In harmony with European ideas, the law now requires a partition between the men and women in the bathrooms, but as the law is not very specific the partition varies in size. In one inn bathroom I discovered that the partition consisted of a stick across the bathtub.

Another noticeable Japanese characteristic at the inns, and, in fact, everywhere, is the politeness. The Japanese are not only the cleanest, but also the politest people in the world. It is an easy, good-natured politeness that invites and flatters, rather than the stately, formal politeness of the Spaniards, which always puts one on his dignity. The Japanese politeness is partly the result of religious teaching, and partly of necessity. For centuries their religion has emphasized that it is always one's duty to have a bright and cheerful countenance, regardless of one's personal griefs. It is told of old General Nogi, the captor of Port Arthur, that after the death of his only two sons, he still publicly bore a happy counte-

nance, although, frequently, when alone, he would be detected with tear-stained eyes. So bright faces are found everywhere. On every face there is an incipient smile. In out-of-the-way parts of Japan, when followed by a curious crowd, I would say "Ohio," which means "good-morning," and provoke them all to smiles and bows. These Japanese bows, too, are quite elaborate. There is usually a series of them, each bow being lower than the preceding one, until the head almost touches the ground. I could never be as polite as my Japanese acquaintances.

Their politeness is almost a matter of necessity. The density of population and the lack of privacy would make life unendurable if it were not for the politeness. Japan has a population equal to half that of the United States, crowded into an area not as large as the single State of California. There are people, people everywhere.

Then there can be no privacy in houses where the interior walls are paper screens, and the exterior walls are taken down in daytime. The paper screens are little protection against the curious, for a pair of fingers moistened by the lips will readily make peep-holes. A traveler is sometimes surprised at finding his room surrounded by these peep-holes. A little piece of paper quickly mends the punctured screen. Everything is open to the public. The houses

have not even dark closets in which to hang family skeletons.

Possibly this lack of privacy and generally crowded condition is one of the causes of the Japanese babies being so excessively polite that they never cry. Scientists explain the goodness of the Japanese babies on the ground that they have not the nerves of Occidental babies. Think of the consternation in these paper-walled houses that a healthy American baby, with lusty lungs, would create! These Japanese babies, tied on the backs of their not much bigger brothers and sisters, all day will look, laugh, play, and sleep, but seldom cry. They are the world's model babies.

Perhaps another reason why the babies are so good, is that Japan is a sort of children's paradise. There are more cheap, attractive, ingenious toys for children in Japan than in any other country. There are attractive toy-stands everywhere. There are doll stores, crowded with an infinite variety of dolls and their outfits. The dolls are usually sold in boxes with a half dozen wigs for the doll. The wigs are made to represent the hair arrangement at different ages. Sometimes the toys are puzzling. I noticed a vendor with a tray of moving vehicles. Wondering how such small mechanical toys could be constructed so cheaply, I examined them and found that the motive power was furnished by

our common house fly. A little wax was put on the fly's head, and then it was harnessed to the vehicle. The bamboo toy houses are so attractive that almost every foreigner purchases one.

Children have their annual toy festivals. The girls' holiday is on March 3, when there are doll bazaars everywhere, and the girls are given a great variety of dolls, while the boys' holiday is May 5, when they receive more masculine toys.

Little girls, on festal occasions, are dressed in bright kimonos, with brighter obis, and have their faces painted and enameled, until they look like flower gardens. These Japanese children are bright and attractive, and the ease and accuracy with which many of them speak English, which they have studied in school, is surprising. Teachers state that these children are quick and unusually obedient. The boys are so excessively patriotic that if a class is asked what is the highest purpose in life, instantly they will answer, it is to die for their emperor. The patriotic martial spirit is engendered in the schools.

Japan is often called "toy-land." The reason is that everything is an object of delight, and almost everything is diminutive. The people, the houses, their vehicles and trains are on such a reduced scale that they suggest toys. The people are so small that when they put on official

A Japanese Group

costumes they frequently look like caricatures. On a little bridge near my hotel in Tokio stood a little policeman with a little sword, who was so attractive in his littleness that I never passed him without being inclined to put my arm about him and carry him off as a souvenir. Although I knew I would have caught a Tartar, yet I never regarded him seriously. So the casual traveler seldom regards Japan seriously. It is only a great toy-land for his amusement. The light little houses, with the little back-yard parks, with their little lakes, cascades, and century-old dwarf pines, with the little people moving hither and thither, eating off of little dishes, drinking out of little cups, impress the traveler that Japan is only a play land for grown up children. To be children again with such beautiful toys delights travelers. Travelers who are not looking for large things find Japan a land of constant delight.

Japan is also pleasure land. There is pleasure in everything, even in shopping, in Japan. Kyoto, Japan's ancient capital, is the most delightful shopping-place in the world. Bargain prices for the most artistic articles, exhibited by the most engaging Oriental shopmen, will tempt the emptying of almost any purse. The delicate, exquisite cloissonne, which in recent years has been greatly improved; ancient satsuma which is becoming so rare as to be practically unpurchas-

able, and the richest and most artistic embroideries are all to be found in most tempting forms in Kyoto. Then the old curiosity shops, with the discarded treasures of the old nobility and of dismantled temples, arouse a bargaining enthusiasm that becomes almost a mania. Temples, palaces, galleries, all are forgotten in the pleasurable excitement of shopping in Kyoto. It is pardonable, too, because no one can put so much thought, and feeling, and beauty in tea-cups, vases, screens, and a thousand other small things, as the Japanese.

But there are higher pleasures in Japan than the fascinating one of shopping. Japan, itself, is a pleasure to behold. It is a great landscape park. It is a magnificent study in green. It is everywhere a great, beautiful picture, with a foreground of rich green, terraced rice-fields, with here and there groves of the gracefully-waving, tall, slender, green bamboo, and with a background of the darker, giant cryptomeria, or of mountain sides of a heavier verdure, broken and given tone and effect by bright lacquered temples and stately pagodas, set in, or inlaid, as it were, amid the foliage of the mountains. In every direction there is a vista of beauty.

The Japanese, themselves, are pleasure lovers, and in addition to enjoying their landscape views, flower holidays, and tea-houses, are fond of wrestling matches and the theater. Wrestling

matches in Japan take the place of prize fights in America. Exhibitions are given in tents in the parks of different cities, and the matches are largely attended. The wrestlers, instead of being small like other Japanese, are big, fleshy fellows, often being over six feet tall, and weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds. Certain families are known as hereditary wrestlers, as the members, for many generations, have followed the same calling. In the ring the wrestlers are naked, except that they wear a brightly embroidered apron. Jiujutsu is a more scientific method of wrestling, and is not used by the heavy wrestlers.

Like the Chinese, the Japanese are especially fond of the theater. The theaters represent old Japan. There are many in the different cities, and are usually crowded. The largest is the Kabukiza in Tokio. It is a large, three-story frame building in the center of the city, and will seat about three thousand people. Performances begin at five in the afternoon, and last until about eleven, with an opportunity to get refreshments between acts.

When I visited the theater the first time there was a howling mob around the gates trying to get in, and a howling mob of ushers inside calling out how many could enter. Soon an usher spied that I was a foreigner, and had a space opened to admit me. In the wide vestibule there

were three great piles of Japanese wooden sandals and Japanese paper umbrellas. Everybody had to remove his shoes and check them. While I hesitated about taking off my shoes and tossing them upon a pile, for fear that they might be carried off as souvenirs, the usher hurried away and found a pair of large white sacks, which he brought back and tied over my shoes. Feeling somewhat like a kitten with its feet tied up in paper slippers, I was conducted to a box. The same accommodating usher soon brought me a chair, and with two foreign ladies who entered later, we were the only ones in the great crowded theater not sitting on the floor. In a short time the usher reappeared to collect the money for the seat. There is no admission charge at the entrance, but the fee is collected by the usher after a person is comfortably seated. For my box seat the price was only seventy-five cents.

The theater has a main floor and two balconies, the boxes being on either side of the lower balconies. The main floor is divided into square stalls that seat from four to six people, divided by partitions about a foot high. The theater was crowded with a responsive, motley crowd of men, women, and children, all in native costume.

The stage is quite broad and deep. It revolves on a pivot, so that the stage setting between scenes is quickly changed by revolving the stage.

The stage setting was elaborate and realistic. From the rear of the theater to the stage extends a platform about six feet wide, along which the principal actors make their entrances and exits. As they walk along this platform their step is stiff and stilted, with many stops, to represent that they are coming from a long distance. Much of the acting was stiff and the speech was affected, but a few of the actors were very natural and effective. There are no actresses upon the Japanese stage, but men take women's parts. It is rather amusing at times to hear a deep masculine voice coming from a feminine costume.

There is a tendency toward the extremely realistic in the stage setting and stage tricks. In a heavy tragedy there was much wailing and cutting off of heads. As a murderer brought down his sword upon his enemy's neck, the victim, as he fell towards the floor, quickly threw his robe over his head, and from beneath it rolled out an artificial head with a gory neck and long locks. While the murderer was swinging this head by the hair, in the air, making an eloquent speech, two stage assistants with a little screen stepped before the murdered man; the dead man got up quickly and all three sidled out. The audience was supposed not to notice this, or even to observe on the stage the little assistants dressed in black, with black masques, which they pull down over their faces when they look toward

the audience, who are constantly running about the stage during the performance adjusting a costume, arranging a piece of scenery, or helping off a dead man. These little black-robed assistants seem to foreigners like little brownies, and soon stand out as the most prominent personages upon the stage.

To a foreigner at the theater the chorus and orchestra are always distracting features. The orchestra of two or three pieces and a small chorus occupy a little latticed balcony about half way back on the stage to one side. At the most interesting moment they always break out with their Oriental music or screeches and wails.

As the theater represents old Japan, so the law courts represent new Japan. Japan adopted largely the French judicial system, and foreign customs are found in the courts. In Tokio the court-house is a new large three-story brick structure, so built, it is thought, that it can resist the frequent earthquakes. As I walked down the corridors I noticed little braziers beside many office doors with boiling kettles, so that the officials could have their tea at a moment's notice. The Japanese are constant tea drinkers, and boiling tea-kettles are found in shops, trains, and in many other unexpected places.

The court-room was fair sized and arranged after the foreign style. On the bench sat five judges, at their side the prosecuting attorney,

before them sat the testifying witness, while the prisoner stood in a box-like stand. At tables, on the other side of the room, sat the prisoner's attorneys. Chairs in foreign style were provided for lawyers and spectators. The judges and lawyers wore European clothes, and over them long, black gowns. The collar of the gown of the prosecuting attorney was deeply embroidered in red, and those of the judges in white. They all wore very artistic caps. Judges and lawyers were all under forty, representing modern Japan throughout.

The trial was conducted with great decorum. There was no jury. The judges seemed to be supplied with a full, written statement of the case, and the presiding judge examined all the witnesses, the lawyers asking no questions directly themselves, but now and then they had a judge ask some question for them. At the conclusion of the examination the lawyers delivered their arguments. As a lawyer, I was impressed with the dignity and business-like directness of the whole proceeding, but at the same time, through an attorney's inability to cross-examine witnesses, it struck me that it might be easy to perpetrate a wrong.

Old Japan, though, constantly breaks through the cover of new Japan. The witnesses seemingly take no oath, but bow over a table before the court. One witness was so impressed with

the dignity of the court that he attempted to make a low Japanese bow that would touch the floor. Midway he struck the table with his head with a loud thump that could be heard throughout the room. He quickly came up, rubbing his head, to the suppressed amusement of the court and spectators. Then, the prisoner reminds one of old Japan, as he is conducted into the room. His head is covered with a bell-shaped basket, which rests upon his shoulders, preventing his face from being seen, and himself from seeing, while his hands are tied; and he is led with a rope by a little policeman, who proceeds him by about three feet. Inside the court room the basket and ropes are removed. So, everywhere, under the foreign veneer, can be found old Oriental Japan.

CHAPTER II.

RELIGIOUS JAPAN.

WHILE the theaters represent old Japan, the law courts new Japan, the temples seem to betoken a passing Japan. They seem to be the worshiping places of dead or dying religions. For centuries Shintoism and Buddhism have been the national religions of Japan. The distinctions between them it is difficult for a traveler to discern, for the people seem to mix and mingle the two religions. For instance, a member of the Japanese Imperial Parliament, who was an editor, and who was returning from a trip around the world, stated, in answer to my question in regard to the Japanese religions, that many Japanese, like himself, were ordinarily Shintoists, but in case of a death in their family they would send for Buddhist priests; yet, on the whole, they put little stress upon religion, but more upon morality.

About the temples of the two religions, though, there are some distinctive features. Before every Japanese temple there is a torii or gateway of the gods, which consists of two upright posts about fifteen feet high, and about the same distance apart, connected at the top by two cross-

bars. A curved upper bar represents a Buddhist temple, and a straight bar a Shinto temple. The center of the altar of a Buddhist temple, too, is a large image of Buddha, while the center of a Shinto altar is a round mirror, or looking-glass, in which the soul of the worshiper is supposed to be reflected. The Shinto temples and the robes of the priests seem plainer than those of the Buddhists.

The temples of both religions, however, are of wood, one-story high, and of the same general ramshackle style. They have little architectural pretension, and to a sightseer soon become very monotonous.

They have, though, some peculiar features. Before most of them is a large collection-box about the size of an old-fashioned wooden watering-trough, with iron bars across the top, into which the worshiper tosses some coin before he loudly claps his hands two or three times, or pulls a bell rope to ring a bell to attract the attention of the god to whom he is to pray. Before many temples, too, are wooden racks on which are suspended countless little boards, bearing the names of the contributors to the temple.

Outside and inside of the temples are found all sorts, kinds, and sizes of images or idols. Some temples have few idols, others many. One of the most famous is the temple in Kyoto of the 33,333 images. It is a large barn-like structure

several centuries old, and almost a block long, with the whole center occupied by long tiers of images of the Goddess Kwannon, or Goddess of Mercy, a thousand in number; each goddess gilded, five feet high, and bearing two spears, and decorated with the images of enough smaller goddesses to make up the number 33,333. These gilded goddesses stand like a regiment of Amazons.

Some temples have one great idol, called the Daibutsu, or Great Buddha. These are frequently from forty to sixty feet in height, the largest being in the temple at Nara, while the most impressive stands in the open air, the temple having been long since destroyed, at Kamakura, and is visited by most travelers to Japan.

Some temples, too, have idols that are supposed to have miraculous healing powers. At Kyoto is a temple with an image of a bull in the yard, which will heal a person of the headache if he will rub his head against the bull's head, or will heal any other part of a person's body by rubbing it against the similar part of the bull's body. It is Japanese faith-cure carried to an extreme.

What these idols really signify to a mystic Oriental, it is hard for a more matter-of-fact Occidental to grasp. It certainly seems incongruous, though, to find a progressive, educated, enlightened Japanese on his knees before one of

these homely (although not hideous like the Chinese) images, the face and head of which are often stuccoed with paper-wads or spit-balls with which other worshipers in some form of devotion have pelted it; or to see one of these modern Japanese hanging up a little paper prayer near to one of these idols. There must be a symbolism not suspected by the Occidental.

As the old churches and cathedrals of Europe have their art treasures, so many of these ancient temples are rich with collections of old Japanese prints, pictures, and embroideries. The carvings on many of the temples, too, are quite elaborate and remarkable. Animals of all kinds are frequently carved on the sides of the temples. One of the best known is that of the three monkeys at Nikko on the side of the stable in which is kept the sacred pony used in some of the religious processions. One of the monkeys has his paws over his ears, another over his eyes, and another over his mouth, signifying close your eyes, mouth, and ears in the presence of evil. These monkeys bear the attractive names of Iwazaru, Kikazaru, and Mizaru. Old costumes and ancient customs are often exhibited at the temples. In one of the temples at Nara an ancient religious dance is given, for a small fee, by some half dozen girls, wearing beautifully embroidered kimonos or robes. Their faces are elaborately painted and enameled, and their

hair decorated with pins and flowers. Several priests, with different instruments, furnish the music for the dance, which is slow, and made up largely of bows and fan movements. It is rather pretty, but not stimulating.

There are several religious headquarters in Japan famous for their beauty, as well as for their group of temples. The early priests of Japan displayed the same æsthetic taste in selecting these places as did the mediæval monks in locating their monasteries and abbeys, which every traveler remarks as he visits their ruins. Nikko Nara, and Miyajama, at which places are located celebrated temples, are remarkable for their beauty.

Nikko is up in the mountains about a hundred miles above Tokio. The railway journey is a pleasant one through rich, terraced rice-fields, until the mountains are reached. The railroad skirts or crosses now and then the old imperial road, which, in the time before railroads, was traversed by the emperors and courts in their pilgrimages to Nikko. The road is paved with small stone blocks, and is lined with giant cryptomeria, the great evergreen tree of Japan. Although now somewhat out of repair, yet this hundred-mile avenue with its tall over-arching trees is one of the most beautiful roads of the world.

At Nikko are a large number of famous temples interesting to the student. Nikko, itself, with its

great trees, its cascades, its quiet, shady paths, its foliage-covered mountains, its red-laquered bridge, crossed only by royalty, its ancient temples with their animal carvings, its venerable mausolea of old shoguns, combines so effectively the beauties of art and nature that it well justifies the enthusiasm of the Japanese in forbidding to any one the use of the word "magnificent" until he has seen Nikko. Nikko is one of the world's wonders. Narra, the old religious capital of Japan, with its great temple park that rivals the best in old England, filled with tame deer that crowd about you to eat from your hand, has a quieter beauty that appeals to the traveler more than its ancient temples and graceful pagodas.

Miyajama, celebrated for its temples, too, is counted by the Japanese as one of the three great sights of Japan. It is a small, mountainous, forest-covered island in the famed Inland Sea, about four hundred and fifty miles west of Tokio. It is a sacred island, and no one is permitted to be born or to die upon the island, just as the old Greeks on their sacred island of Delos on which Apollo was born, forbade any mortal to be born or to die. The temple at Miyajama, which often appears in Japanese art, is located at the mouth of a ravine, close by the sea, so that at high tide it seems as if it were afloat.

Sacred things are often put to common-place, mundane uses. Just as the traveler sees in Flor-

ence, Ghiberti's bronze doors, which Michelangelo called the "Gates of Heaven," used as a resting and nesting place by birds; so Miyajama's torii, or gateway of the gods, which are portrayed so frequently in Japanese art, and which stand out before the temple in the sea, are used as a convenient diving-place by the natives. This descent in use marks somewhat the decline in religious feeling.

The principal impression made upon a traveler by these old temples is that they are the worshiping places of dead and dying religions. The temples are dilapidated and deserted. The priests are ragged and without influence. The worshipers are few and poor. Their contributions are paltry. Everything bespeaks death and decay.

It is not death without a struggle. Now and then there is a revival, and a new temple is built. For instance, in 1895, at a cost of over half a million dollars, to replace a temple destroyed by fire, the Higashi Hongwanji was built in Kyoto by a national, popular subscription. Further, to show the world that their religion is not dead, the Buddhists of Japan contributed locks of hair with which twenty-nine large ropes of human hair were made, with which were lifted into place the great columns that support the roof of this magnificent temple. These ropes are still kept for exhibition. While this new temple, about

two hundred feet square, and over a hundred feet high, is one of the most imposing and beautiful in Japan, yet it represents but a sporadic revival. Buddhism and Shintoism in Japan are passing religions, and are practically dead. Like the old Greek religions, they will leave as their heritage to Japan picturesque ruined temples, and a wealth of mythology, which for centuries to come Mr. Hearn and others will interpret in their "Invisible Japans." These old, passing religions, with their idols and mysteries and legends, help to make Japan that strange dreamland.

Japan is a religious anomaly among the nations of the earth. It is the only one of the great civilized, progressive countries that is heathen. Will Japan become a Christian country? Will the missionaries convert the Japanese? The first impression of the traveler is that the missionaries in Japan have accomplished little, but when he remembers how short have been their labors, for I met the first Episcopal missionary to Japan, and he was not an exceedingly old man; how few comparatively are their numbers, and how limited their resources, he finally marvels at the achievements of this handful of devoted men and women of various countries and denominations representing the cause of the Christian church.

Chapels, churches, schools, publishing houses, and Y. M. C. A.'s are flourishing and increasing in size, numbers, and influence. In Tokio the

Y. M. C. A. Building is a large structure, located a short distance off of the Ginza, the Broadway of the capital. It is in the center of the student quarter, and Tokio is said to be the largest student city in the world, having over fifty thousand students in its higher schools. This institution is well patronized by the Japanese.

Upon the Ginza the Methodists own a valuable piece of property, and have upon it a large printing and publishing house. Upon part of this lot the Methodists expect to build an institutional church.

Mr. James Cowen, formerly of Cincinnati, is at the head of the publishing establishment. One Sunday I took tiffin, or the noon meal, at Mr. Cowen's home in the Methodist Compound. I was glad of the opportunity to see the homes of missionaries. The Methodist Compound at Tokio is said to be the finest missionary compound in the world. It is located in the best residence portion of Tokio. It covers twenty-five acres, and seems like a small park with its beautiful trees and plants. It was sold many years ago by the Japanese government to the Methodists for twenty-five hundred dollars, and on account of the growth of Tokio has become very valuable. It had been a government agricultural farm. Within the grounds are six large, airy, eight-room, two-story frame houses, built upon the foreign plan. The houses would rent for thirty

dollars a month in any American city suburb, and bring that rent in Tokio in the absence of a missionary family. The missionaries live here comfortably, and on account of the customs of the land, are compelled to employ a number of servants. Servants' wages are cheap, but aside from that, living expenses for foreigners are higher in Japan than at home.

The salaries of the missionaries are graduated according to years of service and the size of their family. The minimum Methodist salary is $550, and the maximum $1,400, which is received by only a few of the oldest missionaries. When the cost of their living, and the fact that the children of the missionaries must be sent to America to be educated are considered, the salaries are quite small. That the ambassadors of a great church to a foreign people should live comfortably is only proper.

Within this compound is a Methodist college and theological school and a girls' school. There are about two hundred students in each of these, the number being restricted by the capacity of the buildings. The large three-story main building was wrecked by an earthquake a few years ago, and is now braced with heavy timbers until it can be torn down.

The printing-house is located here. Books in many languages are printed. English books are printed by typesetters that do not know a word

of English; among the publications being an interdenominational missionary paper. I saw the plates of a Spanish Bible being printed by the Bible Society for the Philippines. Tagalog books are also printed here. I was interested in the types for Japanese and Chinese books. Those languages have no alphabet, and every word has a separate character. One case contained two thousand different type of the common characters, and another over eight thousand different characters. The type is made in the establishment. A few years before Mr. Cowen took charge the presses were worked by fourteen coolies, but they are now run by a gasoline engine. One of the presses is a large modern American press, and another is a Japanese copy, made by Japanese imitators at one-half the cost. Its work is not quite so satisfactory.

The greatest and most successful missionary in Japan is a Russian Greek Catholic Bishop. His labors here cover over forty years, the fruit of his labors are twenty thousand converts, and the material monument is a magnificent Greek Catholic Cathedral, the most imposing building in Japan's capital, to which every passing jinrikisha man points with pride. The elaborate and beautiful ceremonies of the Greek Church appeal to the Japanese masses.

The Roman Catholics with their missions, that have come down from the days of St. Xavier,

have done good work, and they have several churches and a large number of adherents in Tokio. Other Protestant churches have successful missions, and I even met a Mormon missionary from Utah.

Some instances of Christian influence in Japan are seen by the adoption of the Christian calendar, the observance by many banks and government offices of Sunday, and the general respect shown the Christian institutions. Many of the brightest Japanese boys and girls have attended missionary schools to learn the English language, and have become permeated with Christian ideas, even if they have not accepted the Christian faith. Among Japanese moralists there is a recognition of the necessity of a living religion for the nation, that for philosophic reasons make them favorably inclined to Christianity. That the people will become Christian in the immediate future, however, must not be expected.

CHAPTER III.

CHINA'S CAPITAL.

PEKING is an out-of-the-way capital. It is about nine hundred miles north of Shanghai, and it takes from four to five days on a coasting steamer to reach it. We arrived at the mouth of the Peiho River about eight o'clock on the morning of the coronation of King Edward, but as the English quarantine officer had gone up the river to celebrate the day, our ship had to lay at anchor until his return about six in the afternoon. There is a bad bar at the mouth of the river, but we managed to get over it, and we sailed up the river past old, dismantled forts and villages of mud houses to Tongku. As there is no hotel here I remained on board the ship all night, and took the train next morning at seven for Peking. It is a ride of only ninety miles, but it took the train from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon to traverse the distance. The train was fairly comfortable, but it had no dining-car on board, and I became quite hungry. As cholera was raging in China, I was told not to eat anything that was not hot, or drink anything that had not been boiled for fear of the cholera germs. I disregarded the rule, and bought at

one of the stations a sweet cake, but, as soon as I bit a piece off, it had such a disagreeable taste that I threw it away and went hungry to Peking.

Peking is one of the unique cities of the world. Its outer walls enclose twenty-five square miles and a million people. Within Peking are four walled cities, one within the other. At the center is the Forbidden City, containing the Emperor's palaces; around that is the Imperial City, with its red walls, which foreigners cannot enter; outside of that is the Tartar City in which are located the foreign legations, and around that the Chinese City.

The wall of the Tartar City is immense. It is forty feet high, fifty feet wide at the base, and thirty feet at the top. It is sixteen miles around. Its sides are of stone, its top is paved with stone, and at either side are stone parapets. Around the outside is a wide, deep moat. At short intervals are bastions, and over the nine gates are great towers of brick and timber ninety-nine feet high. They are not permitted to be higher, as the Chinaman believes that they would obstruct the free passage through the air of the spirits. The port-holes for cannon in the tower contain painted boards to look like cannon instead of the actual guns. The Chinese thought that the sight of these painted cannon would terrify the enemy so that they would depart without their having to use any cannon, just as they be-

lieved that the millions of fire-crackers that they shot off during the Boxer siege would drive away the foreigners.

A ride around the Tartar City on the top of the wall is interesting. The strongest impression as I looked down upon Peking was that it is a city of trees. The houses and palaces of Peking are one story high, as the Chinese women with their bound feet cannot climb staircases. About the houses in the compounds are numerous trees. The result is that the houses are hidden largely by trees, and Peking therefore appears like a forest city.

The mile or more of the wall near the legation quarter abounds with memories of its able defense by the foreign troops during the Boxer siege. The great Catholic Cathedral and orphanage also abound with memories of this awful siege.

From the wall, among the interesting sights, I looked down on the great civil-service examination hall and cells, now closed by treaty for five years as part of China's punishment for the Boxer rebellion. The whole place is grown up now with rank weeds. Here are the buildings for the examiners, and fifteen thousand cells for the ones wishing to take the examination. The cells are separate stone buildings about seven feet high, three feet wide, and three feet deep. The examination lasted three days, and the applicants were

bricked in for that period, and their bread and food handed in to them.

Official advancement in China is the result of competitive literary examinations in the Chinese classics. In the capitols of the provinces examinations are first held, and the successful ones come to Peking for the last examination, which is held only once in three years. If successful here, the highest honors are bestowed. China's poorest coolie's son, through study and the passing of examinations may become a mandarin, and one of the highest officials. Through these examinations Li Hung Chang, who stood first among his competitors, received his advancements.

Near by is the Confucian Temple, and here I saw the rows of stone tablets bearing the names of all the successful contestants at these examinations for over five hundred years. The successful ones are given the title of Doctor of Literature, and this is China's roll of honor, instead of a hall of fame.

Not far away is the Hall of Classics, and here inscribed on marble slabs are the Chinese classics. They are engraved to prevent their destruction by fire. It may be a wise precaution. The Boxers in trying to set fire to the British legation burned their Hanlon college and library, the greatest library that has been destroyed since the Alexandrian library.

In the same neighborhood is the great Llama Temple with its large grounds and many temple buildings enclosed within great walls. Until after the relief of Peking a foreigner entered at the risk of his life, and now they are not welcomed. Until recently there were more than fifteen hundred Thibetan and Mongolian monks here, but at present their number is considerably reduced. They are a dirty, unattractive, even villainous-looking set of fellows. The Chinese are clean and prepossessing in comparison.

At five-thirty the temple gong rang for services. We were standing then in the open square in front of the big temple, and around us were a good many monks. As soon as the bell sounded they all ran out of the square leaving us alone. Soon across the square marched the High Llama by himself. He scowled at us as he passed. At the entrance of the temple he stopped, said his prayers, kissed the door frame, and entered. Then quickly came from all sides the monks. Each wore a red robe, in Greek toga style, with the left arm bare. To services they also wore a very heavy woolen headgear that projects a foot above the forehead and slopes back to the neck. The services consisted of a chant from big music-books by the monks, who sat on low benches, and of some bowing by the great Llama before the high altar. He was a dangerous, wicked-looking fellow. Some monks whis-

pered, and he left his throne, came down to the offending monks, and with a long rattan thrashed two of the monks over their bare arms and shoulders. They never uttered a word, and the chanting went on with greater vigor.

In this temple there was a curious large prayer-wheel, in which there is a large wheel turned by a crank, with which the monks can grind out prayers.

The street scenes of Peking are extremely interesting. The main streets are about one hundred feet wide, and are lined on either side with one-story shops. The shops are mostly open to the street so that their contents are on exhibition. On the wide thoroughfares, between what might be called the drive and the side-walks, are lines of booths in which are sold many articles. In many half-open booths are gathered a crowd of interested natives listening to an Oriental story-teller, while in others crowds are watching jugglers. In many booths, and oftentimes in the open street, barbers are shaving the faces and half of the head. Shaving is an important occupation in China.

The driveways and principal gates are crowded with a struggling mass of vehicles, animals, and humanity. There are long trains of pack-donkeys, shorter ones of camels, braying mules, heavy carts, dashing jinrikishas, immense wheelbarrows drawn by horses and balanced by men,

and many other strange vehicles that I have never seen at home or elsewhere. Among these are crowded perspiring men, with waists bare, and mud-colored playing children as naked as when they were born. Here follow your cart half-dressed beggar women, carrying naked babies scabby with skin diseases.

Next comes a man with a live bird fastened to the end of a short stick. He is one of the Emperor's poorly-paid and poorly-dressed retainers, and he carries the bird to show that he is not compelled to work. Then of a higher class are countless thousands in blue cotton gowns, and of a still higher class a small number in long silken robes. Among them now and then walkes a Manchu woman, taller than the Chinese with her gaudy head-dress, and here and there hobbles a bound-foot Chinese woman. Peeping into a passing cart you see the highly whitened, brightly painted face of a woman of high rank that resembles some brilliant flower. While you are trying to grasp all these sights you are holding your breath and your nose, for the air is heavy with more stenches than I dare describe.

While there is here everything to see and everything to smell, there are now and then some strange things to hear. In one of these crowded streets my attention was aroused by the clangor caused by the beating on some musical instru-

ments, and then I saw a funeral procession with the band at its head. In the procession followed men carrying barrel-shaped banners, and after them a long procession of men bearing all sorts of life-size paper imitations of things that the dead prince, for so he happened to be, used in life. There were paper deer, paper dogs, paper servants, carried over the shoulders at the end of long poles, and then paper horses on rollers, and a paper house, and then trays of paper money, and paper eatables. All these paper articles are taken to the cemetery and burned so that the spirit of the articles one uses in life may go with the spirit of the dead man to the spirit world. Finally came the great pyramidal bier of timbers, on top of which rested the heavy coffin containing the remains of the prince. This bier was carried by sixty-four struggling, perspiring men. The whole funeral procession was mixed and mingled with the street crowd so that sometimes it would be lost and then reappear. Frequently when the coffin is taken to the cemetery it is not buried, but simply placed upon the ground, or in a field to wait the coming of the lucky day of the deceased. White is the mourning color in Peking, and the men mourners who walk on foot are dressed in white, and the carts carrying the women have white covers, and the mules that draw them are white.

One of the streets in Peking is very interesting

because it is the literary and art center of North China. The street is about a mile long, ten feet wide, and lined with shabby one-story mud-plastered buildings. The street has no sidewalks, is not paved, and is full of dust and filth with the usual odors. The stores that line it are filled with books, paintings, and curios—among the rarest and most valuable to be found for sale in China. For instance, after going into a small art shop and passing through a number of rooms, we came to a little back building about ten by twenty feet, of which the walls were lined with shelves and cases containing illustrated books and kakemonos or picture scrolls. Many of these were by the greatest Chinese painters, and some of them were a thousand years old. The books ranged in price from fifteen to one thousand dollars. I roughly estimated the value of the contents of this little rear room to be worth in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars. I asked the proprietor if his stock had been disturbed by the foreign troops when they looted Peking. He smiled and said that the soldiers did not understand the value of his goods.

In a near-by cloissonné shop we were shown two large cloissonné urns and a tea service made for the king of Korea, and valued at six thousand dollars. These two shops, out of the many that line the street, show the immense values hidden behind these uninviting exteriors.

The Chinese bank has its peculiarities. It was

the first bank that ever burdened me with money. On my way to a reception at the American embassy, I stopped at the Russo-Chinese bank to have a fifty-dollar American express cashed. When I saw the teller counting me out a hundred and fifteen silver Mexican dollars, I demurred and asked for gold or paper money, but the bank had nothing but silver. I had to call a jinrikisha to haul me and my money to the hotel, and I had difficulty in finding a place in my room in the Chinese hotel in which to hide it. It was the first time that I had ever been burdened with money.

Just out of Peking is the Altar of Agriculture, where the emperor makes his annual sacrifices upon the altar, of animals, and the Temple of Heaven with its beautiful white marble steps and platform, and its blue porcelain roof. It is one of the impressive temples of the world.

About ten miles from Peking is the Summer Palace, the favorite palace of the Dowager Empress. To visit it we went out in jinrikishas, having three coolies to each jinrikisha, one pulling and two pushing. They were strong, active fellows, and had the spirit of race horses. They dashed along over the roughly paved road at such speed that it was as exciting as riding on a railroad engine. My shoulder-blades were sore for a week from pounding against the back of the vehicle.

The grounds of the Summer Palace cover about a thousand acres, and are surrounded by a high wall. The palace proper is made of a series of one-story stone buildings with yellow tiled roofs. They are quite handsomely and artistically built, but none are very large. Each building consists practically of three rooms, a central entrance room, and one room on either side. Such is the general arrangement of Chinese houses, they being but one room deep with a long frontage. The various buildings are connected by a beautifully-covered walk about half a mile long. The furniture in the room consisted of very heavy tables and chairs, the seats and backs of which were often inlaid with figured marble. Foreign influence was shown in the palace by very elegant and elaborate electric-light chandeliers. There is one magnificent chandelier representing a scorpion.

The principal building in the grounds is a large Buddhist temple with a great tower of porcelain. The tiles covering the outside of the tower have in bas-relief images of Buddha, but most of the heads were wantonly knocked off by the Italian soldiers that were quartered there. The Chinese consider foreigners as barbarians.

Among the objects of beauty here is a large lake with numerous islands connected by ornamental marble bridges. At one side of the lake is a large white marble steamboat, built to show

the Empress Dowager what one looked like. She never was on a real one. On her marble ship we ate our lunch which we had brought with us. The Summer Palace and grounds, for artistic beauty, rival the country palaces of European monarchs.

Admission to the Summer Palace can be obtained with great difficulty, and that only through the foreign ministers and foreign office. As we were about to leave the grounds, a young Chinaman came running up to us and told us that the Governor of the Palace had been notified by the foreign office of our presence, and that he wished to entertain us at tea. We were ushered into a small bronze building and awaited his coming. He soon appeared with a troop of retainers in uniform. He greeted us with a bow, shook his own hands in Chinese style, and then shook our hands. He then asked us to be seated, while his retainers stood, and tea was served. He was a very pleasant old gentleman, and told us that he was past seventy years old. He wore a pink button and a peacock feather in his hat, showing that he was a mandarin of the highest rank. After drinking the tea, he suggested that we take up a collection to present to his servants for their trouble in serving tea. We chipped in about five dollars for their trouble. Then, with his retinue of retainers, he escorted us to the

palace gate, saw us into our jinrikishas, and very cordially and politely bade us farewell.

Traveling in China is not easy. Dr. George Lowry, a medical missionary in Peking, and son of President Lowry of Peking University, and myself started on a hundred-and-fifty-mile horseback ride across North China to visit the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall of China.

For our expedition we sent ahead a mule cart drawn by two mules tandem to carry our cots, bedding, and food. With us we had to take a mafu, or hostler, on a mule to look after our horses and mules. The first day we rode forty-five miles through a country rich with waving grain. The principal grain is millet and kaolang, which looks like broom-corn. I saw a plow in use, pulled by three men, and guided by a fourth.

We followed partly mule paths in short cuts, and partly the great Kalgan pass road to Mongolia. This great road, by centuries of travel, has been worn down about ten feet below the adjoining farms. It is about a hundred feet wide, and up and down there is a constant procession of pack-donkeys, carts, and camels, while great flocks of sheep were being driven to the Peking market.

Towards evening we reached the Ming Tombs, where sleep the emperors of the Ming Dynasty which ruled China from 1368 to 1628, and which was overthrown by the present Manchu Dynasty.

These tombs are located in a horseshoe-like valley about five miles long and three wide, surrounded by high mountains. There are twelve of these tombs, and they are placed in a large semi-circle around the edge of the valley. At the entrance to the valley stands a great pailow or triumphal gate, with five arches of carved white marble fifty feet high and ninety feet long. Passing through this grand portal the road continues through various pailows, across great, half-destroyed marble bridges, and through the most wonderful avenue of statues in the world. This avenue of statues is composed in part of statues of twelve mandarins, each twelve feet high, and carved from a single block of white marble; then statues of two pairs of elephants, two of camels, two of lions, two of unicorns, and two of horses, and so on; one pair standing and one pair crouching or reclining. So natural looking were some of them that my horse would pass them with great fear, and so ferocious looking that I would not have liked myself to come upon them in the dark. Next comes the great sacrificing hall over two hundred feet long and ninety feet wide, with a ceiling supported by teak wood pillars four feet thick and thirty feet long. Beyond, on the mountain side, is the great massive pile of masonry a hundred feet high, in the midst of which somewhere is buried Yong-lo, a Ming emperor. Insignificant in comparison are the

tombs of Grant and Napoleon, and the mausoleums of the Medicis, and of the Spanish monarchs.

We rode back about five miles to a small Chinese town where we met our cart and spent the night at a Chinese inn. The inn had a repelling front, and not a very attractive rear. It was made up of a series of one-story brick buildings constructed around a number of courts. For our quarters we had a building of three rooms. Across the side of our rooms was the brick stove bed, called the "kang." It is about two feet high and six feet wide. Fire is built within it, and the family sleep on top on mats and rugs. As these brick kangs become infested with vermin, we brought our cots and put them on top of the kang to sleep.

In the court-yard in front of our building and in adjacent buildings were braying mules and talking muleteers, who together made night hideous.

The next morning we had intended to go on to the Great Wall of China, but in the night I was taken sick with a high fever, so that by morning all my ambition to see the great wall was not sufficient to enable me to lift my head.

The only thing left was to put me on the bedding in the bottom of the mule cart, and with the two mules tandem in this heavy springless vehicle haul me over an imaginary road of ruts and rocks

under a blazing hot sun back to Peking. Here the doctor, instead of taking me back to the hotel, very kindly carried me to his father's home in the temporary Methodist compound. Both the new large Catholic and Methodist hospitals on Legation Street were in course of construction after the Boxer rebellion. At Doctor Lowry's I was placed in bed and told that probably I had typhoid fever, and must expect a long sickness. As Doctor Lowry and family were away, a Chinaman who could speak a little English was placed in charge of me, until the only American trained nurse in North China could be sent for. She was a hundred miles in the interior. The prospect was not very pleasing. A lady school friend of my sister's called and cheered me by telling me that Peking was a very inconvenient place in which either to marry or to die. I had seen a Chinese funeral and it did not appeal to me. The young lady had gone out to China to visit, had fallen in love and married a young American there, and in order to get married they had to bring the American consul up from Tientsin, sixty miles away, to perform the ceremony. I assured my friend that I had no desire either to marry or to die in Peking.

For a week I lay in bed looking out of the window much of the time at some crows that frequented an opposite wall and tree (never before had crows seemed so large or black to me),

wondering when my trained nurse would arrive. Word failed to reach her in the interior, and my sickness proved to be malarial fever; so in ten days I was on my feet again, thankful that I had escaped cholera and typhoid fever, Chinese riots, and superstition, and was ready to take ship home to America.

Yet China is a great country, and John Chinaman is a great man. It is only after one has visited the Far East and has seen China and the Chinese at home that he realizes the reserve power and greatness of both. When China awakens the world will be astounded.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS.

THE trip to the top of the earth and back is full of varied and interesting experiences.

With three Daytonians, Mrs. Ella O'Donoghue, Miss Julia Gunckel, and Miss Louise Bidleman, I sailed from Hamburg one August day for a cruise through the fjords of Norway, and on northward across the Arctic Ocean to the ice-pack that surrounds the North Pole.

Our steamer was the small, but sturdy Norwegian yacht, the "Neptun," and our captain, Captain Hansom, was as brave and as capable a son of a viking as ever sailed the arctic seas.

When we first saw the "Neptun," which was to be our sea home for a month, there was a half suppressed fear in all our hearts. She was no great Atlantic liner to which we had been accustomed, but only a little yacht twenty-eight feet wide, two hundred feet long, and of eight hundred tons burden. She sat low in the water, and as we looked down upon her from the Hamburg dock she seemed like a toy for summer sails on southern seas. Experience soon showed that she could weather northern storms. With us

were a hundred adventurous tourists from many lands, of which only seven came from America.

As we steamed quietly down the Elbe toward the North Sea we all enjoyed our first Norwegian lunch on board, with its dozen different kinds of fish and cheese. It was the last meal that many enjoyed for several days.

When we entered the North Sea we ran head on into a hurricane. Quick was the transformation on deck. The passengers suddenly looked over the rail and retired in humiliation. There was no pride left in any of them. One of the young ladies sought her cabin, and afterwards she said that she lay for two days with her shoes on and tam-o'-shanter tied about her head, wishing to be let alone, but hoping every minute that she might be able to get out on deck. The only cheering persons on board were the sturdy, bright-cheeked Norwegian maids, who were ever assisting the limp and miserable.

For two days the "Neptun" breasted the storm and ploughed on towards Norway. There is an awful grandeur in a storm at sea. Here the wind shrieked and roared, the waves mounted high, and broke, and dashed, and pounded, while the "Neptun" leaped, and tossed, and rolled. Caught in the trough of the sea she would roll over on her side until the waves would sweep along her deck, and her floors would be at an angle of about forty-five degrees. She would

keep rolling sidewise until there would come finally that moment of suspense when the question was, Could she get a grip on the sea and right herself, or would she, like many a good ship, turn turtle and go down to Davy Jones' locker? Low was her center of equilibrium though, and every time, after a frightful pause, she would come up safe and sound.

After two days and nights of storm we sailed into the deep Hardanger Fjord, which was as quiet and placid as a millpond. We steamed up this narrow winding fjord for miles between steep mountains that rise up out of the sea. Near the water these mountains were green with luxuriant grass and trees, or bright with flowers and ripening cherries, while towards their summits they were white with glaciers and great fields of ice and snow. We landed at the quiet little village of Odda, and drove some fifteen miles up the narrow valley to the spray-scattering waterfalls at Latefos, where the water leaps over a rock five hundred feet high. The water-power from these falls is now being harnessed to drive some great mills at Odda. The water-power of Norway promises to make it a manufacturing country.

The noticeable things on the drive were the men, women, and children all at work making hay in the little fields by hanging the long, wet grass on hay-fences to dry. A few peasants wore

The Raftsund

their fast-disappearing, bright, provincial costumes. From the tops of the mountains were pulley ropes to lower the firewood cut on the mountain tops to the valleys below.

Towards evening we returned to our ship, and in the beautiful northern twilight, as we sailed down the fjord, we watched the reflections of the high mountains in the deep fjord. This pure northern air and clear light and the reflections in the deep fjords create much of the famed beauty of Norway. The trip from the Hardanger Fjord in the south of Norway to Hammerfest in the north is through fjords and among islands so that the ship only for a few hours gets out into the stormy North Sea.

After a night's ride from Odda we reached the old Hanseatic city of Bergen, the second city in size in Norway. It is a solidly-constructed, prosperous city, with fine churches and museums. It was the home city of both the Norwegian musicians, Ole Bull and Grieg. It is also a great fishing center, and to the tourists it is interesting for its fish-market, where live fish are kept in small tanks so that the marketers look into the tank and point out the fish which they want. It is then dipped up and killed with a stroke of a knife on the back of its neck.

The flower and fruit market was equally interesting to me, for I was surprised at the beauty and variety of flowers, and the lusciousness and

cheapness of strawberries and cherries in this far northern region.

The Norwegians are such flower lovers, and the wild flowers in Norway in summer grow in such brightness and profusion that often I have thought that Norway ought to be called the flowery kingdom instead of Japan. Behind the double glass of the front windows in almost every Norwegian cottage and house can be seen a bank of geraniums and fuchias, which are house plants the year around. The wild flowers blossom above the arctic circle. One day, out of a great bed of wild pansies I plucked a handful, and then climbed up a glacier to watch an avalanche of snow and ice coming down the opposite mountainside. The pansy bed was watered by the cold melting glacier, and they seemed to be congenial neighbors.

This Norwegian coast, some German writer says, is the product of a terrific conflict between heaven, sea, and earth. Wind, wave, and frost during centuries of carnival have carved the rocks to produce the present magnificent scenery. When one sees the deep, narrow channels that wind and wave have cut through the great solid rocks, creating the deep fjords, and sees also the rugged precipitous mountains that have been split and sundered by hoar frost and by avalanches of ice and snow, he feels that Norway was an appropriate home for the grim old Norse

mythology, and for the ponderous gods, Thor, Woden, and others whose names we have perpetuated in our days of the week. It seems a fitting dwelling-place for such gods, but hardly for man, yet the hardy Norwegian here on every scanty, slanting, fertile acre has cut a farm, and anchored a little log house. I suggested to a Norwegian farmer that he ought to see our broad American farms, which are horizontal and not vertical. Be it said of these Norwegian farmers, though, that they are as upright as their farms.

One of the most magnificent of the fjords is the Troldfjord. The entrance from the Raftsund is through a deep channel so narrow between steep mountain sides that it seems almost impossible for the small yachts to enter. This fjord is surrounded with towering mountains, with their gorges white with snow and ice. We landed near the head of this fjord and climbed up over a pathless mountain, amid mist and rain, through a rank, luxuriant vegetation of high ferns and bright wild flowers to the glacier lake, Troldvand. In the lake were floating large cakes of ice, out upon which many of the party scrambled to have their pictures taken. It was a wild, picturesque place, with a mountain rising almost perpendicularly four thousand feet from the side of the lake, down which came a great glacier.

To return we found that there was an easier way by crossing the glacier stream to avoid a

precipice, and then by following the stream. This stream, though, was several feet deep, about thirty feet wide, and quite rocky and swift. As there was no bridge across it, three stalwart German lieutenants with high rubber boots offered to carry some of the party over. With a cane two made a chair for the ladies, who furnished an interesting picture with their feet sticking out straight to avoid the water while their skirts trailed through it. One big, stout lieutenant told me to get on his back and he would carry me over. When almost across he tripped on a rock and we both plunged headlong into the stream. I was already wet from the rain, but when I landed in that glacier stream it was a different degree of wetness. It felt very much as if I had fallen into the ice and salt water around an ice-cream freezer. None of us stood on any ceremony in speeding it back to the ship. When we got dry clothes no one was any the worse for the experience.

As we were about to sail from this wild, uninhabited region, a man was seen rushing through the bushes down the mountain side, frantically waving his hands at us. We sent a boat and brought him on board, and found him to be a French botanist who was a passenger on our sister ship, the "Kong Harold," which had sailed away several hours before us. He had wandered off from his party botanizing, and when he re-

The Trolvand

turned and saw that his ship had gone, he was half wild with fright. He had no desire to play Robinson Crusoe so near the arctic regions. The only animal life that we saw in the neighborhood that might have been a companion for him, was when we were passing between the narrow cliffs. There high up on the side of the cliff, a mountain goat was carefully picking its way.

Four or five hours later we saw the "Kong Harold" coming back, and as she neared us she signalled if we knew of her lost passenger. Amid applause from both ships we sent the Frenchman back in a small boat to the "Kong Harold." It was not until he failed to appear at dinner that the officers noticed his absence; when they did they at once turned to go back after him. They said that afterwards this French botanist never wandered far from the ship's party.

Up near the arctic circle is Tronjdem, a city with about forty thousand inhabitants. It was the early capital of Norway, and it seems like a city of departed glory. Its wide streets are empty. In the old cathedral, though, the kings and queens of Norway are still crowned. It is becoming a great place for winter sports, and skeeing is very popular here. The most surprising building here to me was the great, massive Masonic Temple. Its interior, with its wide marble staircase, and its great banqueting hall with lofty frescoed ceiling and huge chandeliers,

has a very palatial appearance. I know of no Masonic Temple in Ohio that equals the one in this little Norwegian city up near the arctic circle.

Crossing the arctic circle is attended with considerable ceremony. As we crossed it going up, four young ladies representing four different countries fired the four cannon on our ship. One of the Dayton young ladies represented America. On our return our chief mate, dressed in sea weed, took the part of Father Neptune, and was hoisted up over the ship's side onto the deck by his fantastically garbed attendants, and then cups were passed around out of which to drink to his health. At both times special dinners helped to commemorate the event. Well I remember the dinner northward bound on account of the great soup dishes of large, luscious strawberries, and the fresh, rich cream with which we were served. These almost arctic strawberries are about as large as peaches, and seem more delicious than any other strawberries I know.

After crossing the arctic circle, and entering the region of the Midnight Sun, known as Nordland, we made our first stop at the little town of Tromso, where we were greeted by the first Laplanders that we had seen. They had curious reindeer trinkets for sale. The special objects of interest to the tourists here are the fur stores, at which all kinds of arctic furs are for sale at

low prices. The size and number of polar bear skins here astonished me; they made me fear that all the Northern ice must be crowded with great white bears. The large white bear fur rugs cost only seventy-five dollars, while the market price for a big live polar bear is only one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

A night's sail from Tromso brought us to Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world. It is a progressive little fishing village of two thousand inhabitants, and has its electric light and water-works. From the middle of May to the middle of July the sun never sets here, and from about the twentieth of November until the twentieth of January the sun never rises. During these dark winter months the electric light burns continuously in the streets.

Two very suggestive sounds I heard in Hammerfest. One was the Dayton, home-reminding click and ring of a National Cash Register, which had reached this most northern town of the world, and the other the angry growl of a large polar bear, which indicated that we were on the edge of the arctic world. Some sailors had caught the bear up at Spitzbergen, and had brought it down in a heavy, wooden box to ship it to Hagenbeck at Hamburg. There was a two-inch crack between the boards in the box, and as I peeped in the big bear jumped at me with an angry snarl. I jumped more than the bear.

Some friend having a bag of gingersnaps, I put one up to the crack, and the bear licked it, and, finding it good, ate it, and we became friends. It was the wild bear's first taste of the sweets of civilization. I sometimes tell my children friends that just as they can catch a bird by putting salt on its tail, so they can tame a polar bear by giving it a gingersnap.

From Hammerfest to the North Cape is but a few hours' ride. It is a sail around the northwest corner of Europe, from the Atlantic into the Arctic Ocean. Soon after entering the Arctic Ocean we passed near Bird Rock, which is inhabited by hundreds of thousands of birds of every kind. Our steamer steered in close to the rock and fired its cannon, which caused a myriad of birds to fly up into the air. Above them all rose a great eagle, which soared high in the heavens and flew away.

To every traveler there come moments of rapturous surprise. One such to me was at the sight of the North Cape. There it stood projecting out into the Arctic Ocean in all its bigness and bluntness on a bright sunshiny afternoon. Neither it nor the day was disappointing. In its lonesomeness there was grandeur and majesty enough about it to make it worthy of being practically the most northern point of Europe, for a neighboring cape extends only a few yards farther north. Down at the south-

International Group on the "Neptun"

eastern end of Europe is the rock of Gibraltar, always disappointing at first sight, but the North Cape is all that one fancies that it should be.

As we arrived at North Cape about three in the afternoon, and were not anxious to climb it until evening, we anchored and indulged in cod-fishing over the ship's side. Lines with hooks and imitation minnows were dropped deep into the sea, and soon fish from eighteen inches to two feet long were being pulled up. It did not take long to fill a big tub with these fine cold-water fish, which we enjoyed for supper. The fish of these northern seas are delicious.

After supper we were rowed ashore in small boats to climb North Cape, which is about a thousand feet high. It takes almost an hour to climb up a steep zig-zag path, protected by a rope railing, to the top. In the ravines along the side of the rock are snow and ice. The top is a broad level expanse covered with a course verdure. The only inhabitants were some mountain goats that played about the dizzy edges of the steep sides. One old fellow with long whiskers had grown tame from meeting tourists, and had become friendly, scampering around us to be rubbed and teased. He seemed to feel the lonesomeness of this northern solitude. We walked across the top a mile or so to the point that looks out into the Arctic Ocean, and drawing our heavy wraps around us, for, though an August

evening, the thermometer was near the freezing point, watched the setting sun.

We were too late in the season to see the midnight sun from the North Cape, although we were to view it a few nights later up in Spitzbergen. Here the sun that evening did not set until about eleven, and it rose again about one. Twilight and dawn mingled their rays so that there was no darkness. The sun came down in a slanting course, and it took some time after it dipped into the Arctic Ocean before it disappeared beneath the horizon.

There is a weird impressiveness as one watches a sunset from the North Cape. There is, too, a somber brilliancy about the sunset, and a suggestiveness to an arctic voyager as he feels that he is standing on the edge of two worlds, that behind him are Europe and civilization and home, and that beyond him are the bleak, unexplored wastes of the Arctic Ocean. It is an unpleasant sensation. There was a feeling of relief and satisfaction, as if we were escaping from unknown immensity that midnight, when we had clambered down from the great rock, and had climbed up into our snug little steamer sea home. For impressiveness and suggestiveness nothing surpasses a midnight spent on North Cape.

CHAPTER V.

SPITZBERGEN AND THE ICE PACK.

Beautiful was the night that we started from North Cape on our expedition to Spitzbergen and the ice-pack. The sea was calm and the air was clear. There was no darkness, and there would be none for ten days, or until we returned to Europe. I sat out on deck until about two in the morning watching North Cape and Europe fading away in the distance, and half wondering, as every arctic voyager does, if we would return in safety. My musings soon were interrupted by admiration for the splendor of the early sunrise, as the sun gradually came up out of the Arctic Ocean, scattering its beams of beauty in every direction. When I finally went down to sleep, our ship, the "Neptun," with the old ice-pilot on board, was in the lead, and close in her wake was her sister ship, the "Kong Harold." On these northern cruises the Norwegian Steamship Company always sends two ships for safety purposes with instructions to keep close together. We were steering for the North Pole, and everything seemed propitious for a pleasant voyage.

Weather conditions, however, rapidly change in the Arctic Ocean. The next day was raw,

cold, and foggy, with an ugly sea running. The "Kong Harold" had lost us in the fog, and we were journeying alone. That night we expected to reach Bear Island, one of the great whaling stations in the Arctic Ocean, where the whalers had arranged that we should join them in a whaling chase, if the weather and a whale would permit. Instead, on account of the fog, we missed Bear Island entirely, and afterwards learned that, because of fogs, the island was visible in August for three days only.

The following day was Sunday, and it continued bleak and gloomy. The passengers were disgusted and disagreeable; they became more so when they discovered from the ship's compass that we had changed our direction from north to due west. The officers explained that it was necessary, as the temperature of the water showed that there was an ice-floe north of us which we should have to sail around. Then the transforming power of music was exhibited. Some half a dozen German Catholic priests gathered outside the cabin door, and in strong, vigorous tones sang some old German hymns. People of all nationalities collected around them and joined in singing. Soon there was good cheer and strong courage in the hearts of all.

Before long large chunks of ice were seen floating in the sea. These soon grew larger, and the interest became intense as we saw approach-

ing us a majestic procession of stately icebergs washed by the waves into all sorts of fantastic shapes and forms. In and among these icebergs the ship worked her way for a long distance, until she came to a great solid ice-field miles in extent, so that she had to turn and go back, and steam again over towards Greenland to get around this ice that was coming down from the East coast of Spitzbergen. It seems that the polar current flows down the east coast of Spitzbergen, and the Gulf Stream goes up the west coast, so that along the east coast the sea is usually frozen, while along the west coast the sea is open. The ice from the east coast strikes the Gulf Stream and is soon melted, but due to the unusual cold of the summer of 1907 it did not melt until it had drifted over near to Greenland.

Finally, we sailed around the ice, and awoke one morning to find ourselves at anchor in a fog. Where we were no one knew, for the officers had not been able for two days to catch the sun to take observations, but the officers said that they could tell by the sound that the waves were dashing against rocks, and that we were somewhere near the coast of Spitzbergen. For thirty-six hours we lay at anchor in the fog waiting for the sun. It grew very monotonous, and some one suggested a game of bridge whist. We accordingly brought a table out forward on deck, and the two young ladies from Dayton, a German

gentleman from Tokio, Japan, and myself, clad in our arctic clothes and furs, engaged in probably the most northerly game of whist ever played on a steamer's deck. As the sun was now peeping out, the ship's photographer thought that a bridge game in the open air within six hundred miles of the North Pole was such a novelty that he took our picture.

Before long the fog lifted, the sun shone clear, and over and almost above us seemed the great towering, glistening, ice-wrapped peaks of Spitzbergen.

We now were in the little-explored desolate far North, for although Spitzbergen had been discovered many years before by the Dutch, and by them well named Spitzbergen, on account of the many peaked mountains, yet it was first crossed in 1897 by Sir W. Martin Conway, and first circumnavigated only in 1898 by Professor Nathorst.

Spitzbergen is located in the Arctic Ocean about six hundred miles north of Europe, and about half way between Europe and the North Pole. It is more than three hundred miles north of the most northern part of Alaska. It is a great, barren, mountainous, ice-covered island. It belongs to no country, for no government has cared to own it. It has no inhabitants except a few transient whalers who get ice bound there, and a few men who are trying to operate

a coal mine in the southern part. This is owned by a gentleman in Boston. The coal is frozen down several hundred feet, and after that is mined out it is thought that the coal will be good.

Spitzbergen is, however, the home of the seal, many of which we saw swimming in the sea and bays, of the white reindeer, the arctic fox, the polar bear, and of the eider-down duck, the thickness of whose down surprised me.

As soon as the ice pilot found his bearings after we reached Spitzbergen, we sailed for Ice Fjord and Bell Sound to deliver some mail to the whalers who were frozen in there, and to land some German officers who wished to hunt the big arctic game, but both bays were frozen up solidly so we could not enter. We then coasted northward, until in the extreme north we reached Virgo Bay, where Walter Wellman, the American arctic explorer, had his air-ship camp.

Here is a small bay, well land-locked, and protected by high mountains. On the rocky shore, Mr. Wellman had established his camp, which consisted of four houses. It was a picturesque place. Only a hundred yards from his house was the everlasting ice, while back of him were steep barren mountains, and across the bay fronting him were great glaciers, that presented perpendicular ice fronts from two to three hundred feet high where they reached the sea.

Mr. Wellman's house was a solid square structure, with only one door, and no windows. It was built of heavy timbers, with double walls and six inches of sawdust between. Within this house, with a four-foot corridor around, was the interior house of one large room. In the center of it was a large stove and chimney, and around the chimney in the roof were panes of glass. In the winter it is so intensely cold here that all precautions are taken to keep in the heat.

Nearby was Mr. Wellman's workshop, and next the great exposition-looking building in which his balloon "America" was floating inflated, with the airship swinging beneath. The balloon was ready to be taken out at any moment and started on its career to the discovery of the North Pole. The balloon was the largest ever constructed, and had a lifting power of twenty thousand pounds. The airship beneath was over a hundred feet long, and at its bow swung a canvas life-boat made by my old college friend, Will Gamble, of Miamisburg.

The airship had for its base or keel a gasoline tank about a foot in diameter and a hundred feet long, which carried over six thousand pounds of gasoline, or enough to furnish power for a voyage of eighteen hundred miles, while the distance to the pole and back was only twelve hundred miles. The airship had two screw propellers and a great rudder like a whale's tail. From the base of the

airship extended slender steel rods, over which were stretched thin silk for its sides. Within the ship were to go, beside Mr. Wellman, his three companions, of whom Major Hersey, who was a major in Roosevelt's Rough Riders, is a celebrated long distance balloonist. The airship was also to carry six months' supplies and a dozen Eskimo dogs and sleds. The dogs were intelligent, fine-looking animals.

When we reached Virgo Bay, Mr. Wellman was ready to sail, and was waiting only for the wind to change. For three weeks the wind had been blowing steadily from the pole. It was then late for the expedition, and it was several weeks later before they started. They ran into a snow-storm, became blinded, and finally came down on a glacier, wrecking largely their outfit.

We gave a banquet on board the "Neptun" to Mr. Wellman and his companions, at which I happened to act as toastmaster. Mr. Wellman was in the best of spirits, and claimed that his method of reaching the pole was twentieth century, scientific, and reasonably safe. He said that he had no desire to become a martyr. I could not refrain from thinking after Major Hersey had exhibited and explained to me the airship and its workings, that it was the flimsiest, most unsubstantial looking structure ever built by man with which to discover an unknown world, and to gain immortality.

Near Walter Wellman's airship house stands the cairn erected to the memory of Mr. Andree, the Swedish explorer, who from the same spot sailed away in a balloon with two companions on July 11, 1897, and from whom nothing was ever heard. Mr. Andree's deserted house was being used by Mr. Wellman's workmen.

The next morning, as we sailed from Virgo Bay, the "Neptun" and our sister ship, the "Kong Harold," which had overtaken us here, fired a salute and raised the American flag to their mast-heads, and dipped in honor of these American explorers, while Mr. Wellman and his associates stood on his doorsteps with the Stars and Stripes floating above his house, waving their hats and handkerchiefs until we rounded a promontory and were out of sight. The last emblem of civilization to be seen, as we sailed away from that polar, glacier-bound Virgo Bay, was the American flag projecting above a rock, and flying from the masthead of Mr. Wellman's Norwegian supply ship, the Fritzjof, and never looked a flag more beautiful. The first news that we received after reaching Europe was that the Fritzjof had attempted to follow us back to Europe, but in a fog had run into an iceberg and sunk. Fifteen Norwegian sailors were drowned, and only one was saved. That proudly-flying American flag became these Norwegian sailors' shroud. Such

is the awful penalty in lives constantly being paid in the hunt for the North Pole.

From Spitzbergen we sailed again northward over a hundred miles to the eternal ice-pack that surrounds the North Pole. As we approached, we met great wind-driven ice-fields, white with newly-fallen snow, among which we picked our way, until finally they became so large and numerous that they threatened to form an ice-jam and hem us in. Off ahead was the great solid white ice-pack, which so far no arctic explorer has ever crossed. Here we paused and took our bearings. We were more than eighty-one degrees north, or within nine degrees of the Pole. We were within three hundred and fifty miles of the farthest north reached by Peary, and within about five hundred and forty miles of the pole itself. Due to the Gulf Stream, ships can approach nearer by open sea, the North Pole north of Spitzbergen, than at any other point. North of Alaska and Siberia the ice-pack extends down to seventy-three degrees. This ice-pack is in a circular motion around the North Pole. Nansen entered the ice-pack at seventy-eight degrees with his ship Fram, which became frozen in, in 1893, and it swung around for three years, and left the ice-pack in 1896, just north of Spitzbergen, where we were. We now realized that we were in the farthest north, or on the top of the globe.

The next problem was to get down and back

to civilization. The return voyage was at times exciting. We had two nights, without fog or cloud, when the sun shone all night long. The sea was calm, the air was not bitingly cold, so these nights were glorious.

The midnight sun is a curious phenomenon. The sun comes down towards the horizon in the north in a crescent course, and as it does so, it seems to grow larger and redder until it appears like a great ball of fire, and at the same time it loses its strength, so that one can easily look at it with his naked eye. Yet it was bright enough at midnight for the photographer to take our pictures, and many of us snapped old Sol himself. Near the horizon the sun appears to pause for a few moments, and then slowly to rise again, gathering a fresher brightness as it ascends. When the sun is near the horizon nature seems to grow strangely quiet, and the eider-down duck, and other arctic birds drop down into the icy water to sleep on the waves. Then no white plumaged birds were to be seen in the air, but only now and then some strange black-feathered bird would dart frightened across the sky as if seeking darkness for his rest. There is such a strange weirdness and unnaturalness about this midnight sun that even people grow nervous and restless, and are glad to return to lands with nights of darkness.

On our return we followed the Spitzbergen

The Midnight Sun Near the Ice Pack

coast for some distance. Great black, barren, jagged rocks rise thousands of feet up from the sea, while mighty glaciers sweep majestically around their sides. We passed close to the Seven Sister glaciers. Seven of these giant glaciers at one place swing around the steep mountain sides, and come down to the sea, presenting a perpendicular ice-cliff two to three hundred feet in height. As I saw them the midnight sun was throwing its horizontal rays against their crystal front, creating a scene of indescribable cold brilliancy and grandeur. I know the Canadian Rockies and the Alps, but they seem tame and civilized compared with the wild and awful grandeur of the cold ice-peaks of Spitzbergen. To see the bleak, glittering beauty and brilliancy of the ice-peaked, glacier-wrapped mountains of Spitzbergen well repays one for all the discomforts and dangers of the voyage.

On our return we had fog, and ice, and danger, too. About one o'clock one foggy morning I met the captain, who had just come down from the bridge, in the salon, and we stood and talked for a little while about his Norwegian country. I finally asked him when we would meet the ice again, and he had hardly replied, "In about two or three hours," when the engines suddenly stopped, reversed, and the captain, shouting, "Ice," ran for the bridge. I followed on deck, and saw that the "Kong Harold" had run into the ice

about one hundred and fifty feet ahead of us, and had swung across our bows, while we were charging down on her center. That we would cut her in two seemed inevitable. She seemed to crunch, however, up on the ice-floe, while we reversed and swung around. How we escaped her I never could explain, although I was watching it all. The "Kong Harold" was supposed to be in our rear, following us, as we had the ice-pilot, but in the fog she had gotten in the lead, and had run into the ice. So heavy was the fog that as soon as we swung past her we lost her. Now both vessels took to blowing their fog horns continually, at the same time creeping cautiously along. Neither vessel dared to move much for fear of running down the other. In a dense fog sounds are very deceptive. At one moment the "Kong Harold's" fog horn seemed to be sounding in one direction, and at the next moment it seemed to come from the opposite direction. For about two hours the two ships kept trying to locate one another, while the aroused passengers were pacing the deck in all sorts of nightly robes. It is very exciting to be standing on a deck not knowing at what moment another ship is going to poke her bow right through where you happen to be standing. Finally the "Kong Harold" jangled her bells like fire-alarm bells, and they sounded so near that I felt as if I could put my hand over the railing, out

into the fog, and touch them. At last the fog lifted a little, and right off our stern, but a hundred feet away, suddenly loomed the "Kong Harold," and as it unexpectedly emerged from the fog never looked to me any other ship as big as that Norwegian yacht.

The fog finally passed entirely away, and then we ran into a day or so of rough seas. After weathering the storms, we at last sailed in safety into the beautiful harbor at Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world. We were back again to Europe and civilization. Our chief engineer relieved his feelings by saying, "Whoever goes to Spitzbergen and the ice-pack and calls it a pleasure trip must be a lunatic." Many of the passengers agreed with him.

CHAPTEP VI.

THROUGH NORWAY.

FROM Hammerfest, in the northwestern corner of Europe, to Christiania, in the southwestern corner, is an interesting trip.

Not far from Hammerfest we stopped in the Lyngenfjord to visit a Lapland camp. Here, about a mile back from the fjord, was an encampment of Laplanders and their herd of five hundred reindeer. These Laplanders lived here in small earthen huts, shaped like a mound, with a door on one side, and a round hole in the center of the roof which acts as both chimney and window. I stepped into several of these huts, although the odor was not inviting, and the general appearance suggested fleas. The interior consisted of one circular room about twelve feet in diameter, with a roof seven feet high in the center, sloping down into side walls. In the center some sticks were piled up for a fire, and scattered about were a few rude cooking utensils. Around the low sides of the room were lying furs and cedar branches on which the whole family slept. Here, too, was a little cradle made of leather with a hood to protect the baby's eyes. When the mother or sisters wish to carry the baby they

Laplanders at Tromsö

pick up cradle and all. In a single earthen room like this, Lapland families are born, grow up, and die. It hardly suggests a home.

The Laplanders are a queer people. Like the American Indians, they are a dying race. There are only some twenty thousand of them left. They lead a nomadic life in the regions of Europe within the arctic circle. A German artist, who was living among them, painting their pictures, said that he found in all of their countenances a melancholy expression, as if they realized that they belonged to a race that would soon be extinct.

The Laplanders are a diminutive people, usually, and have strange Asiatic faces, and a peculiar shuffling, weak-kneed walk, resulting from constant climbing over rocks and rough ground in pasturing their reindeer.

Their blouses and trousers, even in summer, are frequently of fur, and their blouses have large pouches into which they stuff all kinds of articles. Their odd-shaped, four-cornered caps and big fur shoes are often fantastically trimmed with bright colors. Beneath their caps frequently shines, through their unwashed faces, a bright, quizzical smile. They seem good-natured, and like Asiatics appear to enjoy bartering, as they sell their trinkets to the foreigners.

At this encampment there were about five hundred reindeer. Their first appearance to me

was one of surprise, on account of the smallness of their bodies and the bigness of their horns. They are not as large as they look in Santa Claus books. They are agile little animals with big fur covered antlers. When several hundred of them are huddled together their horns look like a dense, tangled undergrowth. Off their reindeer the Laplanders largely live. They drink their milk, eat their meat, wear their fur, and of their bones and horns make implements and trinkets. Reindeer meat tastes much like venison, and is very good eating. These same reindeer, when the snow is on the ground, act as horses as well as cows, and are fleet-footed drawers of the curious sleds, that, without runners, sit down in the snow.

We sailed next down among the Lofoten Islands, passing the Mäelstrom, described by Edgar Allan Poe. Between the Lofoten Islands and Greenland the Atlantic Ocean is at its narrowest, being only seven hundred miles wide.

We stopped at Torghattan, a small rocky island that rises up out of the sea in the shape of a market hat, which causes it to get its name, and has through it a natural tunnel. This tunnel is about four hundred feet above the sea, is about five hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and from sixty-five to over two hundred and fifty feet high at its opposite ends. The view of the distant sea and islands through this natural telescope is

very strange. Once the waves of the sea washed this tunnel through the great rock, and afterwards in the convulsions of nature it was lifted high above the waters. Now it is one of the natural wonders of the world.

At Gudvangen, at the head of one of the most magnificent fjords, we left, with regret, our good ship, the "Neptun," and our pleasant fellow voyagers of many lands, and began our overland journey across Norway. The first night we drove up a narrow valley with almost perpendicular sides thousands of feet high to the very picturesquely situated hotel at Stalheim. The scenery here is so grand that the Emperor of Germany makes yearly pilgrimages in his yacht to this fjord, and up to the Stalheim hotel. Nature, in magnificent panorama, displays valleys, mountains, glaciers, and waterfalls.

The next day we returned to the fjord, crossed a narrow arm, and after spending Sunday at a quiet little Norwegian village, with a very neat and comfortable little inn, began bright and early on Monday morning a five-day carriage drive over the famous Valders' route across Norway.

For the drive the three ladies from Dayton took a large comfortable two-horse carriage with plenty of heavy, warm rugs, while I rode in the light, native "kariol." This is a little vehicle with a seat for one, like a sulky, with a board behind on which is fastened the baggage, and to which and

to the axle, somehow clings the boy or sometimes the girl who drives. About every ten miles there is a posting station at which are changed vehicle, horse, and driver. The result is one constantly has a fresh horse and a new driver. Some of these little drivers, trying to pick up English, are entertaining companions, and one dislikes to part with them so rapidly. The small Norwegian horses are stout and swift, and, by means of these light kariols, one can drive long distances very quickly.

The celebrated Valders' route across Norway is over smooth winding roads along mountain streams and lakes, amid varying beautiful scenery. From one of these small mountain streams, hardly larger than a brook, I saw a fine salmon, weighing twenty-seven pounds, that an Englishman had just caught. Over his catch he was prouder than a king.

It was the first of September when we were crossing, and the summer season was over, and winter was approaching. Newly-fallen white snow was on the mountain sides, while frost was beginning to cut the potato tops down in the valleys. Along the roads the farmers were driving down from their "saters," or summer mountain farms, their cattle. Now and then it would take quite a little while for us to work our kariol on the narrow mountain road through a drove of fifty or a hundred of these fine-looking

cattle, that had been fattened during the summer on the rich pasturage upon these mountain farms.

As we reached the top of the divide we ran into a blinding, driving snow-storm, that almost froze the driver and myself in our airy kariol before we reached the next hotel. It seemed strange to be shivering and chattering, and hunting fire the first week in September. After we passed over the mountain top, we came down again into the warm, pleasant valleys, and drove among quieter, but beautiful scenery until we reached the railway that leads to Christiania.

This whole mountain drive is very delightful. The scenery is varied. It ranges from the wild to the quiet. The little homes and farms passed are pleasing in appearance. Along the route is one of the three famous ancient wooden churches of Norway, about a thousand years old, with timbers black as if charred by age. The architecture is very strange, and the roof suggests an inverted hull of an old viking's ship with extending beak.

Some of the customs observed are curious, but pleasing. From a farmhouse, near to a little village, a funeral procession was just starting as we passed. In front of the farm along the road cedar branches were spread, and across the road in front of every farm gate on the way to the village church were also scattered sprays of

cedar. It seemed to me a simple, but a pleasing token of esteem for the departed neighbor.

We finally reached Christiania, Norway's capital, a clean, prosperous, beautiful, growing city, with nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. There are to the specialist in Norse history many objects of interest here, but chief to the casual traveler are two old viking ships, which, after having been buried in mounds for a thousand years or more, have recently been exhumed, and are now exhibited in the University Museum. The earth of these mounds was a sort of potter's clay, that so preserved the wood that even the carving on the beak is in a good condition. These ships are each about seventy feet long, and were used as burial tombs. Sometimes, according to the old Norse custom, when a viking or sea king was about to die, as Marie Correlli has described it in Thelma, the viking would be carried on board his ship, the sail hoisted, and as the wind would carry it out to sea, the torch would be applied, and the viking and the ship in flame would be wafted up to paradise.

At other times the old ship of the dead king would be hauled upon the beach, above the waves, and the cabin would be converted into a sepulcher. In it would be placed the viking, and with him, sometimes, his horses and his dogs and his jewels, that all might go in spirit to the other

world. The whole would be covered then with clay, making a great burial mound.

From two of these mounds these two old ships have been dug. Each is about seventy feet long, and about twenty feet wide at the beam. One was the war-ship of a viking, the other the pleasure craft of a viking's queen. In one were found the remains of an old viking and his horses and his dogs, and in the other the ashes of the queen and of one of her maid-servants, who had been killed that her spirit might go with that of her queen. These are suggestive old relics. They speak of the days when these hardy northern sea roamers brought terror even to sunny Sicily, and when they braved the storms of the north Atlantic and peopled Iceland, and possibly set foot on the barren shores of New England.

The modern Norwegians are fine, vigorous descendants of the old sea roamers. They are as sturdy, honest, handsome specimens of men as can be found in any part of the world. They are mostly a happy, contented, energetic, educated, church-going people. Their church is the Lutheran. On the seas they are to be found in almost every ship, and there is no more skillful, self-reliant, and reliable sailor. At home, on their farms, and in their towns they are sober, industrious, and economical. They are seldom rich. Their fare is plain. Fish and potatoes make a

large part of their eating. Travelers receive much of the same fare. The fish is fine, but boiled potatoes served with each course at a dinner made us appreciate the homage that the people of Gothenburg feel for the man who introduced potatoes into Scandinavia, as we looked upon his statue that they have erected in one of their broad thoroughfares to his memory.

As fine as the Norwegian men, though, and better looking are the light-haired, fair-skinned Norwegian women and girls. In the shops and hotels I met many of them, and I was always surprised at their brightness and knowledge. As in all countries, the girl who works is interesting. Work harnesses her energies, gives purpose to her life, widens her opportunities, broadens her sympathies, and quickens her intellect. In the hotel office at Stalheim were three interesting Norwegian girls who had never been a hundred miles from their little village, and yet who spoke fluently, French, German, and English. One had sold postal cards to the Emperor of Germany, to the King of Denmark, and to the King of Norway, and she showed me souvenirs given her by her royal patrons. Their salaries were small. One, I remember, was a telegraph operator, and she received four dollars a week, three of which she paid back for her board.

Up in a little mountain hotel, one chilly morning, I came early into the hotel office and found

the maid down on her hands and knees trying to blow life into a green wood fire. As an experiment I said good morning to her in English, and she quickly replied in English. I asked her how, up in the mountains, she had learned such good English, and she told me that she had been born and raised on one of these mountain farms, but she had managed to go to school in Christiania where she had studied English, and was now a teacher in the Christiania schools, and expected to study French at night the following winter. She said that love of the mountains and a desire to earn a little money caused her to come up to this mountain hotel to act as maid during the summer, and then she resumed her efforts to make the fire burn.

In Christiania we noticed that Ibsen's Doll House was to be played by the same company that the night before our arrival had played to the Queen of England, to the Empress Dowager of Russia, and to the Queen of Norway. We were anxious to see it, but none of us understood Norwegian. In a curio shop we found a very bright Norwegian girl who spoke English. We invited her to go to the theater as our interpreter, which she did, and we found that she had studied English in England, French in France, and German in Germany. I asked her how she kept up her languages, and she replied that her rule was always to have on hand to be read one French

and one English book. She keenly appreciated all the niceties of Ibsen's masterpiece, and quickly interpreted them to us in good English.

The Norwegian children are always attractive to the traveler. They are a polite little people. Frequently, in foreign countries, I will buy a bag of fruit, and, after eating what little I desire, make some children smile by presenting it to them. In Bergen I had bought for about ten cents a quart of the most luscious strawberries that one could desire, and, after eating what I wanted, presented the bag to a little boy and girl of about seven or eight summers. The little girl made a delightful courtesy as she took the bag, and the little boy put out his hand so quickly at me that at first he startled me, until I discovered that he wanted to thank me by shaking hands with me. After that I found that it was the custom of the boys very gravely to shake hands with one whenever presented with anything.

There is an attractive politeness about the Norwegian people. The Spaniards and Norwegians are often said to be alike in their politeness. Both are proud of their ancestry. Every Spaniard believes that he is the descendant of a hidalgo, and every Norwegian claims descent from a viking. Both, therefore, believe that they have royal blood in their veins, and carry themselves with the independence of descendants of

kings. But between the politeness of the Spaniard and Norwegian there has always seemed to me to be the difference that the Spaniard is reserved and stately in his politeness, while the Norwegian is cordial. The Norwegian bows his head to no man, yet he greets every man cordially as an equal.

CHAPTER VII.

ACROSS SWEDEN AND DENMARK.

From Christiania to Stockholm is a night's ride. The most interesting event of the trip is the supper. About ten o'clock the train reaches a little station where it stops half an hour for supper. The supper is served in the station dining-room. Every one helps himself as plentifully and as frequently as he wishes of the many tempting dishes of fish, chicken, game, and fruits, and pays as he leaves. While the passengers have been eating, porters on the sleepers have made up the berths, and they are all ready for occupancy. There has been no confusion. The cars are very comfortable stateroom corridor cars.

Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, is a handsomely built, progressive-looking city, with a population of about 350,000 people. The streets are wide and well-paved, and are traversed by an excellent system of electric cars. As a residence place, it is one of the most delightful cities of Europe.

In Stockholm there are a number of interesting buildings. The most imposing is the old palace. It occupies a commanding position in

the center of the city. The reigning family is quite democratic in its habits, and it is easy to obtain access to the palace. One day I walked up to the palace with a friend and rang the door-bell. A maid answered, and invited us in, and told us to walk around and to make ourselves at home until a guide would come for us. For about fifteen minutes we roamed through the home of royalty by ourselves.

It is a great palace, grandly furnished. There are the same polished floors, crystal chandeliers, tapestries, marble tables, and gilt furniture that one finds in the state apartments of all the great European palaces. French tastes and factories have furnished them all. The living apartments were furnished in a home-like style. They looked like the living rooms of any well-to-do family.

Several rooms in the apartments of the crown prince, the present king, had their own individuality. In one there is a large table with an embankment of loving cups won in tennis tournaments. The crown prince has been one of the Swedish tennis champions. In his wife's rooms were bridge whist sets and scores. Another room of the present king contains the trophies of his hunting expeditions. The walls are covered with deer horns and heads, while the center of the room is occupied with stuffed bears, crocodiles, and other large game that the king

has killed. Our venerable guide said that tennis-playing and hunting were about the only things that the present king enjoys.

Not far from the palace is the last resting-place of royalty, old Riddarholms Church, the Westminster Abbey of Sweden. It is an old brick Lutheran Church, built centuries ago, with a cast iron spire about three hundred feet high. The bricks of the church look worn and weather beaten, and the exterior is unattractive. The interior is a large, bare, cold-looking room. Its pavement is of monumental flagstones, beneath which are buried Swedish knights of the past centuries. Around the sides of the church are raised chapels, and beneath them crypts, into which one can look through the doors of iron grating. In these crypts are piled promiscuously the gilt coffins of Swedish royalty and nobility, bearing various dates and insignia. A conspicuous coffin, near the entrance, has on the end the date of April 7, 1651, and beneath the date the representation of a skull and cross-bones.

Near the front of the church, opposite one another, are the chapels of Sweden's two great warrior monarchs, Gustavus Adolphus, the Protestant hero of the Thirty Years' War, and Charles XII, called the Meteor of the North, whom Peter the Great of Russia claimed taught him and his Russians how to fight by defeating them so repeatedly. These two kings are the

greatest Sweden has produced, and both fell on battle-fields in foreign lands, and the remains of both were brought home to rest in this old brick Lutheran Church. Around their chapels are banners and battle-flags that they captured.

Stockholm has one of the most unique and famous parks in Europe, known as Skansen. It is an open air museum showing Swedish provincial life during the past centuries. In this great rolling park are constructed dwellings, and barns, and old mills after the manner of the Swedish farm buildings of past times, and in them are gathered old furniture. The custodians of the different buildings are dressed in the picturesque bright local costumes of those days. Every afternoon during the summer children dressed in these olden costumes give the Swedish folk dances, some of which are amusing as well as graceful. Present life in the different provinces is also represented, and here one can see the Laplanders with their huts and tents and reindeer.

Among the peculiarities of Stockholm are the many telephones. They are even to be found in the street market-stands on market-days. There are two telephone systems, one owned by the State and the other by a private company. The State has about fifteen thousand subscribers, and the private company about forty-five thousand subscribers, while the rates of the private com-

pany are much higher than those of the State. Here is an interesting case of a private corporation competing successfully with the government, and at the same time charging almost double for its services. This same company owns a telephone system in Moscow, Russia, and in Mexico City, Mexico. Its rates are low, and its stock is very valuable.

Around Stockholm are many beautiful summer resorts and summer homes, picturesquely placed amid almost primeval forests on rocky islands. A ride among these islands down to the Baltic Sea is as beautiful a trip as one through the Inland Sea of Japan.

A pleasant day's expedition is up to Upsala, about seventy miles north of Stockholm, in which quiet little city is located the venerable University of Sweden. Its history covers centuries, and among its celebrated professors was Linnæus, the botanist. The University library contains some very valuable old manuscripts. The buildings are in no way exceptionally striking. The University is coeducational, and the boys and girls had a steady, serious appearance, yet they are not lacking in youthful enthusiasm. In Upsala is the finest old cathedral in Sweden, and there is also here an imposing old castle. Not far away is Gamla Upsala, the stronghold of the early pagan kings of Sweden, and near by are their great funeral mounds.

A canal-boat ride across Sweden, from Stockholm to Gothenburg, by the Gota Canal is one of the most interesting trips in Europe. It is a trip of about four hundred miles, and takes from three to four days. We went aboard a very comfortable little steamer one evening, and before daybreak we were steaming away through narrow winding canals down from Stockholm to the Baltic Sea. After being out in the open sea for a few hours, we turned into a bay, and soon were entering the famous Gota Canal.

This canal is about two hundred and sixty miles long, with seventy-four locks. The highest level reached by the canal is over three hundred feet. At several places there is a series of locks, so that the passengers can leave the steamer between locks and take pleasant walks along the grass-grown tow-paths, and stop in at the farmhouses.

The locks are one hundred and twenty-three feet long and twenty-four feet wide, and the steamers are about one hundred and twenty feet long and twenty feet wide, so that they fill comfortably the lock.

The canal is well constructed. It is ten feet deep, forty-eight feet wide at the bottom, and eighty feet wide at the surface. The banks are protected so that there is little wash from the boats.

The traffic on this canal is very large. On the

western end some seven or eight thousand boats pass annually, and on the eastern side about half that number. The freight traffic is heavy. Our boat was loaded down with all sorts of freight for the small villages along the canal. Many tourists to Stockholm take this quiet, picturesque route through interior Sweden. The canal passes through a rich agricultural country, and along its banks are many small towns and villages with venerable stone churches and interesting ruined castles.

Along the route are the two great lakes of Sweden, Lake Wettern and Lake Wenern. Lake Wettern is about eighty miles long and twelve miles broad, but it can churn up a most disagreeable sea. We crossed it in a storm, and most of the passengers had the same sensations that they have in a choppy crossing of the English Channel. Lake Wenern is some hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, and is usually better behaved than its sister lake.

From Lake Wenern the boat drops down around Trolhattan Falls, and finally reaches Gothenburg on the west coast of Sweden. The Trolhattan Falls are the Niagara Falls of Europe. They are more than a hundred feet high, and over them pour the waters of the great lakes of Sweden. They are not exceedingly picturesque, and their beauty is marred by the manufacturing establishments that have been built about them.

These little canal steamers are very pleasant and comfortable. The staterooms are small, but neat and clean. The dining-room upon the upper deck is built with windows all around so that one can enjoy the scenery while eating. The meals are excellent. The Swedish smörgasbord is here found. It is a sideboard on which are placed various appetizers or relishes in the way of fish, bread and butter, and liqueurs, to which one goes and helps himself before eating the dinner proper. This smörgasbord is a peculiar Swedish institution, and upon it oftentimes are so many attractive little dishes, that sometimes I felt that I could enjoy a dinner from it, rather than from the regular dinner-table.

On this little boat we found tourists from many lands who spoke English, and thus made a very pleasant international or cosmopolitan party. There was an old Norwegian-American couple who, after having gone to California in their youth, some forty years before, had returned to visit their native land. There was a pathos in the description of their disappointments. Back home was not what they had fancied it to be. The houses, the trees, and mountains of Norway were unchanged, the old lady said, but they did not look so large or so attractive as she had pictured them in her memory. For forty years, she said, she had been talking about the trees of her native Norway and longing for them, but

when she revisited them she would not exchange the trees of California for them. Then they both became eloquent in their praises of California.

Another interesting family was a dark-skinned Persian one from Rangoon, Burmah. The daughters had studied in the schools of London. The mother opening her hand-satchel, the daughters asked her to show some of its contents, and she brought out two long strands of pearls, a necklace of large pearls, and rubies and diamonds in rings and pins. She said that her husband could never resist buying a beautiful stone. I roughly estimated that this Eastern family had with them some thirty to forty thousand dollars worth of the gems of the Orient.

These Persian girls were very curious about America, which they wished to visit on their way home, and were asking numerous questions about it when a sort of a cosmopolitan lady, who was smoking a cigaret, spoke up and told her experiences in this country and her impressions of it. She prefaced her remarks by saying that she had lived in so many countries that she had no national prejudices, for she was born in Australia, while one of her grandfathers was a Spaniard from Chili, that she was educated in France and Germany, had lived with some of her relatives in England, and had married a Scotchman, and that together they had traveled everywhere, and in the course of their travels had visited America

and had been entertained in the homes of Americans whose names are known here to every one.

With that introduction she said that the thought of America always gave her the nightmare. It was a land of rush, where in the cities policemen and street-car conductors are constantly saying, "Step lively, lady." Finally, she said, in Boston she went to a cemetery to get a quiet place in which to sit down and collect her thoughts. The Persians asked her about our railroad trains. She said that their principal characteristic was that they are always late, and that the first thing an American does when he goes to a station is to ascertain how late the train is. In Europe the trains start on the minute. In the train, she said, there is no privacy. She had often heard of our sleeping-cars and was anxious to try one. She found the car to be one big sleeping-room with curtained bunks, and as she happened to be located near a crying infant and a snoring man she could not sleep.

Speaking of American girls, she said that they had the gum-chewing habit, and she imitated the grimaces of gum-chewing. In Europe chewing-gum is unknown, and these Persian girls had never heard of it. They were very curious about it, and afterwards I received a postal from one, saying that some American had given her a stick of gum, that she had tried it, and that it was very good. This cosmopolitan lady concluded by

saying that the Americans as a whole are among the brightest and most attractive people that she had ever met, and then she resumed smoking her cigaret. A venerable English lady next spoke up and said that she had crossed America twice alone in trips around the world, and that what most impressed her with America was the uniform courtesy and politeness of the men. She said that trainmen, policemen, and all men that she met were always so ready and willing to assist her. Thus with freedom, and cutting criticism, caricature, and compliments this international canal-boat party discussed America, but not always to the approval of the Americans in the party.

Gothenburg, at the eastern end of the Gota Canal, is the second city in size in Sweden, and has a population of about one hundred thousand. It is a busy commercial port, and has a solid, prosperous appearance.

From Gothenburg we took a very fine train down to Copenhagen, the train being ferried across the straits at Helsingborg from Sweden to Denmark. Copenhagen is another delightful Scandinavian capital, with a population of almost half a million. It is an attractive city with good hotels, fine residences, stores, and theaters. It has a number of excellent art galleries and museums.

Copenhagen was the home of Thorwaldsen, the

great sculptor, whose Lion of Lucerne is known to all. Thorwaldsen was the son of an Icelander who came to Copenhagen and worked as a ship carpenter and carver, carving the images that formerly adorned the bows of ships. Thorwaldsen died in Copenhagen, and his body is placed in the center of a museum in which are gathered many of his works.

In Copenhagen is another fine art collection, housed in a magnificent building, all the gift of a wealthy brewer to his native city. It is one of the most attractive museums in Europe.

Copenhagen is a favorite summer place for European royalty. The Empress Dowager of Russia, and Queen Alexandra of England have pleasant residences on the edge of the city. They are both daughters of the old King of Denmark. I was talking to a Danish sea captain, sailing under the English flag, about his Queen Alexandra. He said, "God bless my queen, there is no better woman in all the world than Queen Alexandra." He then went on to say that when he was a boy he lived in the same neighborhood with the Danish general who afterwards became King of Denmark, and that he went to school with his children, the King of Greece, the present King of Denmark, Queen Alexandra of England, and the Empress Dowager of Russia, and knew them all well. He said he had been in rough and tumble fights with the two kings, and

that they always took hard hits well, but that Queen Alexandra was the general favorite. The queen had a very domestic mother, he said, and she taught the young Alexandra to cook, and sew, and mend, and to keep house like any other girl.

In the neighborhood of Copenhagen are several interesting old castles and palaces. About twenty miles out is the Fredericksborg Castle, a very picturesque old structure, with several fine rooms. The Knights Hall and the Banqueting Hall are ornamented heavily with stucco and gold. The ornamentation is so profuse and ostentatious that it makes the old castle unique. The palace church is decorated in much the same style, and is the most highly ornamented church that I have seen in Europe. The pulpit is of ebony and embossed silver, and there is much ebony and ivory used in the decorations.

At Fredericksborg we took a carriage and drove about twenty miles over a splendid road, stopping at the autumn residence of the royal family, with its beautiful park of beech trees, to Helsingor and the old castle of Kronborg.

Kronborg is the castle of Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark. Here walked the ghost of Hamlet's father at midnight.

This massive stone castle was built about 1575 on the rocks by the narrow straits between Denmark and Sweden so that all passing vessels would have to pay toll or duty to the Lord of

Hamlet's Castle

the Castle. This channel duty was kept up by Denmark until 1857, when the interested nations paid to Denmark a large sum of money to have her cease collecting duty. The castle commands the narrow straits.

The castle is a very picturesque structure. It is surrounded by a wide moat which is crossed by drawbridges. The castle is a great square four-story stone structure built about a large open court. Great towers rise from the four corners. Much of the castle is now used as a barracks. The old state apartments are kept unchanged, and here one sees where Hamlet had the players represent before the court the scene of his father's poisoning while he watched his mother's face.

From the window of the tower room one can look down upon the "platform before the Castle of Elsinore" upon which walked the ghost of Hamlet's father. It is now a part of the Flag Battery, and is cut off by a high fence and heavy doors so that usually visitors cannot walk upon the ramparts. As I was passing the gates I noticed them ajar, and as we were not supposed to be able to read Danish signs, two of us passed through, climbed up on the rampart, and walked up and down, and tried to recall Shakespeare's scene and the ghost. As it was about sunset and we were in the heavy shadows of the castle, we had almost conjured up the ghost when a sentry's

unexpected voice right back of us so startled us that we felt that the ghost had arrived.

Not far away Hamlet's grave, marked by an irregular mound of broken stones, is to be seen. There is no monument for poor Ophelia, or for old Polonius.

After spending a week at Copenhagen my Dayton friends stopped off at the quaint old Hanseatic city of Lübeck, while I went on to that wonderful, modern German city, Berlin. Berlin is a magnificent city. Three times, at intervals of about five years, I have visited Berlin, and the progress it has made, and the perfection it has attained in municipal management has made me wonder if any American city can ever overtake Berlin. No one can grow too enthusiastic about Berlin. After a crowded week here I joined my friends in Hamburg, and a pleasant homeward trip on one of the great Hamburg-American ships completed our summer expedition to the region of the Midnight Sun, and to the delightful Scandinavian countries.

CHAPTER VIII.

SCOTCH EXPERIENCES.

SCOTLAND is Presbyterian. It is the old-fashioned, bluestocking Presbyterianism. Its patron saint is John Knox. This man has left a deeper impression upon the Scotch people than any other of their national heroes.

John Knox was a tremendous man in tempestuous times. He was the Martin Luther of Scotland. His life was one of fierce earnestness. He was first a Catholic priest, and then he became a Presbyterian preacher. He was next taken prisoner by Scotch and French Catholics, and for almost two years served on the seas, chained as a galley slave. That did not sweeten his disposition. By the intercession of the King of England he was released and returned to Edinburgh, where he became the great Scotch reformer. His church of St. Giles, the old Catholic Cathedral, which once had known sixty priests, became his throne of power. Here he thundered Puritan doctrines twice on Sunday, and thrice on week days to audiences of from three to four thousand people. In his denunciations he knew no fear. Publicly he reproved Mary Queen of Scots. Once he bitterly scolded her until the

tears ran down her cheeks. They became bitter antagonists, and each demanded the life of the other. His church of St. Giles and his home, which are to-day visited by thousands of tourists, were on High Street, the principal thoroughfare of old Edinburgh, midway between Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Palace, the residences of Mary. Here he could keep watch over both the castle and the palace.

Between Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Palace, Mary Queen of Scots, divided her time. Up in the castle, which stands on a high rock in the midst, and yet above the city, is shown the small room in which her son James VI. of Scotland, and James I. of England was born. A small tower window is also pointed out from which Mary is said to have lowered her infant James, in a basket, with a long rope, down over the steep rock, so that Catholic priests might baptize him, and thus elude the watchful vigilance of the Scotch Puritans.

Down at the other end of High Street is old Holyrood Palace. Here a brass plate in the floor marks the spot in Mary's audience room where Scotch nobles, almost in her presence, murdered her lover, Rizzio, the Italian music master. For centuries a blood stain indicated the spot, but now there is only a brass plate. I asked the old Scotch guard what had become of the blood stain, and he laughed and said that it was too

much trouble to put fresh blood on to keep the stain bright, so they had inserted the tablet.

Old Holyrood Palace is deserted now. Back amid the ruins of the abbey are buried the collected remnants of Mary's husband, Lord Darnley, who was blown up with gun-powder by the one-eyed pirate, Lord Bothwell, who next became Mary's husband, and who himself died some twenty years later, a raving maniac, chained to a stone column in a Danish prison.

John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots, are both long since dead. The unfortunate, beautiful, romantic Mary lives in memory only as one of the world's debatable heroines; while John Knox has projected, through the centuries, his influence over Scotch habits and customs.

Mary's castles and palaces are deserted, but John Knox's old church of St. Giles still breathes his spirit. Two tablets here tell the story. Sixty years or more after the death of John Knox, King Charles ordered the English Episcopal service read in St. Giles. Dean Hanna started to read the service when Jenny Geddes threw her stool at his head, which started a riot and broke up the service. One tablet is to this Jenny Geddes, who threw the stool; while another is to Dean Hanna, the first and last clergyman who ever attempted to read the Episcopal service in John Knox's church. That stool is prized so

highly that still it is exhibited in the National Museum of Antiquities.

I attended, one Sunday morning, military services in this old church. A Highland regiment, in its picturesque kilt uniform, came down from the castle with its band of bagpipes and engaged in the service. As the Presbyterian Church is the Scotch established church, there is considerable ceremony about the entry of the minister. The minister, in a black gown, is preceded by the beadle, who wears a long gown with bright red trimmings, and carries a staff with a gold crook at the head which is hung up on the wall near the pulpit. This staff represents the king's authority for the minister to preach.

People attend church on Sunday, and Sunday observance is carried to a great extent in Scotland. Not only saloons are closed, but hotels can receive only bona fide travelers on Sunday. A resident of Edinburgh cannot go to an Edinburgh hotel for his Sunday dinner. The livery stables are closed, and there is no Sunday pleasure driving. The great Caledonian Railway runs no Sunday trains, while the North British Railway, between Glasgow and Edinburgh, runs only two trains each way, which are slow and poorly patronized. The Scotch frown upon Sunday travel.

In their Sunday-closing enthusiasm the Scotch close their churches against sightseers. I went

to the Glasgow Cathedral one Sunday afternoon, and was surprised to find even the yard gates locked. It was the first time I ever found a cathedral closed in Europe. I lingered around, when the sexton appeared with a big bunch of keys. He unlocked the gate and let me in, and then unlocked the big cathedral door. When I entered I was very much surprised to find that he had a large congregation locked in. When the services ended, with a few Americans, I stopped to look at the famous stained glass windows, but soon the sexton cried all visitors must leave, and after us he locked the doors. I learned that it is not unusual to lock the congregations in the churches during the services.

Some hotels close the day with religious services. One evening I was calling at one of the most popular hotels in Edinburgh, when at ten o'clock the gong sounded. My first thought was that a meal was to be served, knowing of the irregular meal hours in many countries, but I was soon surprised at seeing the parlor arranged for evening prayers. All the maids of the hotels, wearing their white aprons and caps, filed in and took seats in the rear of the room, while the guests filled the center. Hymn-books were passed around, an organ was drawn out, and a big Bible was placed on the center-table. Some Scotchman took charge of the services. After singing of hymns, Bible reading, and pray-

ers, there was a general saying of good-night, and lowering of lights, so I ended my call.

Because the Scotch are religious and the saloons close on Sunday, and at ten o'clock on other days, it must not be thought that Scotland is the land of universal goodness. The slums of Glasgow and Edinburgh are among the worst in the world. I have seen more drunkenness here than in any other country, outside of Russia. On a Saturday night I went down to old High Street, now the slum center. There was here drunkenness, brawling, quarreling, and fighting. A couple of policemen were having their clothes torn off in an effort to arrest a frenzied, drunken woman. These streets suggested Bedlam.

Monday morning I dropped into police court. Here are to be found as in all police courts, the physical and moral wrecks of humanity. This court was a study. Upon the bench sat a venerable white-haired, titled judge of great keenness, quickness, and decision. At the side were curtained corridors lined with waiting prisoners, who were shot out at quick intervals before the bar to make their plea, and to receive their sentences, or to be remanded for trial. At one time some twenty-five guilty of their first misdemeanor were lined up before the bar. The judge looked each sternly in the eye, while they seemed to quiver, and pronounced the single word, "Admonition," and they were set free.

Finally, there was pushed out from the corridor a boy of twelve, and behind him at the bar stood his mother. The boy had stolen some fruit from a street-stand. The judge looked at the mother and said, "Will you give him the rule and the strap?" She answered that she would, and the judge was about to discharge the boy when the prosecutor interposed and said this was the boy's second offense. Then the judge knitted his eyebrows, and said, "This is a very serious matter; eight years in the reformatory." The mother almost fell in a faint. The mother and boy were quickly shoved into the corridor that led down to the prison. Two minutes were consumed in the trial. Though a lawyer, I kept questioning that stern judge's awful sentence upon the little Scotch boy. In a minute another prisoner was before the judge listening to his sentence. Somehow I could not forget the boy. I did not follow him to the reformatory, but I remembered that I was Chairman of the Committee on the Girls' Industrial Home of the Ohio House of Representatives, and I wondered to what sort of a reformatory girls were sent that were sentenced by the same judge. I at once went to the Police Inspector, who very kindly gave me the credentials to visit the Scotch Girls' Industrial Home.

I visited several of them. They are conducted quite differently, and it seemed to me not as successfully as our Ohio Girls' Industrial Home.

In Scotland some forty to sixty girls are placed in a home conducted by private parties, and the State pays so much a week for each girl's board and education. I asked to see the industrial departments, and in one I was shown, at the end of the grounds, a long row of washtubs, in which from Monday morning to Saturday night the girls washed.

Laundry was brought out from Edinburgh, and the institution was partly supported by the profits of the girls' washing. Such industrial training is a fraud perpetuated by state authority upon helpless girls. The girls in these homes are mostly trained to be housemaids, and I was told there was quite a demand for girls educated in these homes.

In one of the homes I was invited to speak to the girls. There were about sixty of them sitting on narrow benches without backs, which backless benches are used in both the study and recreation rooms. These girls sat as erect as if they had pokers down their backs, had unusually bright, ruddy cheeks, and looked remarkably strong and vigorous. I accordingly began by complimenting them upon their fine, healthy appearance, when the principal interjected the statement that it was caused by their feeding them so well, that every morning they gave them a fine bowl of porridge, and on Sunday morning, as a delicacy, a nice slice of bread and butter.

The principal then asked me to tell the girls what I liked for breakfast, and when I said an apple or an orange, she quickly interposed by saying that those were too expensive to give to a girl to eat. I continued, though, describing an American meal, ending with the description of a big saucer of ice cream, possibly, in size, a little exaggerated, for in Europe one is given only a sample bite. Then I asked how many would like to come to America, and with their mouths watering for a bountiful American meal, they all enthusiastically raised their hands.

The Scotch railways have a number of peculiarities. They have the usual no-check baggage system of Europe. You watch that your trunk is put on the baggage-car, and watch that it is put off at the right place, and that nobody else carries it off. At Edinburgh I wanted to dispose of some of my surplus baggage, so I took my larger case to the posting office to send it to Liverpool. After I had delivered my baggage I asked for a receipt, but I was told receipts were not given, but when I reached Liverpool I would simply have to identify my baggage. Just as I was leaving Edinburgh to go through the Trossachs, the thought struck me that I would lighten my baggage further by sending my dress suit case to Glasgow. I accordingly asked the hotel porter to express it there, but he said that he would toss it into the baggage-car, and that I

would find it all right when I reached Glasgow at the lost-baggage office. As I rode away from Edinburgh that day, with my baggage scattered without any sign of a receipt, it struck me that I had trusted not only to fortune, but that I had tempted fate. Both pieces I found afterwards at their destination.

The slowest railway train I ever discovered was in Scotland. I was invited by the American Consul General at Edinburgh, Mr. Fleming, to go with him, and some of his Scotch friends to the Marquis of Tweeddale's estate for an otter hunt. The railroad, before long, took us through a sparsely inhabited, but very rich and beautiful agricultural country. As there were grade crossings, and no watchmen at the crossings, there were locked gates on each side of the road across the railroad. When the train approached the country road, the engineer had to stop his train, get out and unlock the gates, pull his train through, and then wait until the brakeman could close and lock the gates after the train.

This otter hunt was to me an interesting affair from the seriousness with which the Scotchmen regarded it. The hunt was for about two miles down a little stream that starts at a lake up in the very beautiful grounds of the Marquis of Tweeddale. The Master of the Hounds of Midlothian was there with his scarlet coat, and the whippers-in, who were to keep the dogs in

the stream, and from chasing rabbits and other game, had their appropriate costumes. All the hunters had long pikes with which to beat up the reeds along the banks and to pound the otter. No fire-arms were allowed. There were about twenty-five otter hounds that bayed beautifully. The crowd was a mixed one, including one real live young lord.

The hunt began up by the lake in the morning. For a long while the men with pikes splashed among the bushes on the banks, while the dogs swam hither and thither trying to scare out the otter. Then through the stream, under the lead of the Master of the Hounds, marched the men with high rubber boots, examining every clump of shrubbery for the expected otter. This kept up from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon, through intermittent hot sunshine and Scotch mists, without a bite to eat. Then I innocently inquired of one Scotchman how many otters they usually killed in one of these hunts, for I had promised otter claws to a number of my friends, when the Scotchman looked at me pityingly and said, "Why, man, there has not been an otter seen here since the one that was killed several years ago." "They seldom expect to find an otter when they have a hunt. The otter, of course, makes the hunt more exciting." My hunting enthusiasm then ended, and I repaired to the village inn for refreshment. Before

long the whole wet, enthusiastic party appeared. As they enjoyed their old Scotch whisky, they declared what a successful hunt it had been, although they had not gotten the trail of an otter, spoke of how well the dogs had acted, and they toasted vigorously the Master of the Hounds of Midlothian.

From John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots, to an otter hunt may seem a long distance, yet the love of bright costumes and ceremony suggested a survival of the hunting-days of Mary's court, and the earnestness of a hunt, without even the semblance of the prey, gave a hint that the seriousness of the Puritanical days has not passed wholly in Scotland.

CHAPTER IX.

LITERARY PILGRIMAGE.

LIKE most visitors to Scotland, I made pilgrimage to the homes of Scott, Burns, and then down through the lake district of England where lived Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Ruskin.

Sir Walter Scott is Scotland's literary hero. Born in Edinburgh, he lived, worked, and died in or near Scotland's capital celebrating in his poems and novels Scotch scenes and characters. His countrymen have recognized him as their great national writer, and in the park alongside Princess Street, which the Scotch people consider the most beautiful street in the world, they have erected to his memory as the chief ornament of their capital, the most magnificent monument ever constructed to do honor to a literary man. It rises over two hundred feet in height, is dignified with a heroic statue of himself with his favorite hound looking up into his face, and is ornamented with life-size statues of over thirty of the characters in his poems and novels.

About fifty miles south of Edinburgh, Scott bought a large tract of ground, and upon it built a magnificent baronial castle, known as Abbotsford. It is the most beautiful and costly home ever erected from the profits of literature. It is located in a valley, amid fertile rolling hills, on

the bank of the fast-flowing River Tweed. The gardens about the house are stately and formal in appearance. The great house itself looks like a well-preserved castle of the days of chivalry. In a large hall, with a big fire-place, is a fine collection of old armor, and fire-arms, and bows and arrows of Robin Hood and Rob Roy days. It appears like the great hall of some powerful mediæval baron. In one of the cases in this room are preserved a high gray hat and a peculiar gray suit, the last ones worn by Scott. Styles have changed so since that their appearance upon a street now would attract a crowd.

The library is a very large room, looking out upon a wonderfully beautiful landscape of lawn, river, and woods. Thousands of rare and interesting books crowd the shelves, which reach to the ceiling. Scott's big writing-desk and chair are still here, the master genius alone being absent.

Abbotsford now belongs to a great granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, and is kept in much the same condition in which it was when he lived.

About eight miles south of Abbotsford, amid the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, Scott is buried. Beneath the pavement of a detached tower of this great, ruined, ivy-clad abbey Scott lies with his wife, son, and daughter about him. The old abbey is far from the haunts of man in a quiet,

Abbotsford

out-of-the-way place. About this last resting-place is a grandeur and quietness and beauty that seem appropriate for the sleeping genius who brought into life so many martial heroes and beautiful heroines.

As I wandered through the ruins of the beautiful old Dryburgh Abbey with a young lady from Lexington, Kentucky, she told me, in all seriousness, with a Kentuckian's pride, how Sir Walter Scott, in his youthful days, had visited Kentucky's blue grass capital, and how he was captivated by a Lexington belle, whom he described in his greatest heroine, Rebecca. The young lady was indignant when I doubted the accuracy of her historical statement, but I learned afterwards that there is a Lexington tradition that somewhere in Europe Sir Walter Scott had met a Lexington young lady, whom he admired so much that he described her as Rebecca.

Sir Walter Scott's poem, the Lady of the Lake, is the best guide-book for a trip from Edinburgh through the Trossachs to Glasgow. It is a beautiful coaching and boating trip over purple, heather-covered mountains, and across lochs with dark shadows, through the country of the Scottish Chiefs, Robin Hood, and the Lady of the Lake. It takes one to Stirling Castle, with its prison of Rhoderick Dhu, and on the opposite hill, Sir William Wallace's towering monument.

At Glasgow, in the museum, is Whistler's wonderful painting of Thomas Carlyle. Whistler has portrayed that grim old Scotchman in his old age, with a face of infinite sadness and weariness. It is the saddest, most wearied face I have ever seen in painting.

About forty miles below Glasgow, on the coast, is the quiet little town of Ayr. Here was born Robert Burns, and his life largely centers about this small town.

In many ways Scott and Burns are antitheses. Scott was a patrician, Burns a plebeian. Scott was born in plenty, and lived amid luxury. Burns was born in poverty, lived in poverty, and died almost a pauper. Scott was the national singer. Burns was a universal singer. Everywhere struggling, suffering humanity loves the poems of Robert Burns.

At the edge of Ayr still stands, although somewhat restored, the cottage in which, on a stormy night, Robert Burns was born. The story is told in Ayr that the night Burns was born the thatched roof was in such a bad condition that the snow and wind broke it in, so that his mother and himself were carried to a neighbor's house. The guide about the church-yard pointed out the grave of the good neighbor who took them in.

In this one-story thatched-roof cottage, of three rooms, Burns was born. This small cottage combines under one roof, stable and house. The

front door is through the stable. In this cottage Burns grew up, helped his father, who was a cow-herder, studied a few books, learned old Scottish songs, and, encouraged by his mother and sisters, wrote for the country people, and sometimes for the country paper, his simple country songs and poems. Later on he rented a farm for himself, married, secured a government position as excise-man, but never succeeded in keeping even with the world. In his last sickness he was compelled to borrow a small sum in order to take a short trip for his health, and died before he could re-pay it. For thirty-seven and a half years he struggled and battled with poverty and adversity, and then at Dumfries died, and there was buried.

At Ayr still stands the roofless "Kirk Alloway" from which sallied forth the witches after Tam o'Shanter. Around it is the old church-yard in which is buried Burns' father. A one-eyed, one-legged, weird-looking old Scotchman, who seems as if he had grown up in the church-yard, pointed out the old graves, and recited for us Tam o'Shanter in such a dramatic manner that we almost felt that he must have been with Tam upon that memorable night. Not far from the old church are, "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and across it are still the "Auld Brig," built about 1250, and the new bridge now over a century old. By its side is erected a monument to Burns.

As one leaves the scenes of Burns' struggles and poverty, he admires more the greatness of this country poet, who could write:

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man 's the gowd for a' that.
> . . . . .
> A man 's a man for a' that."

From Ayr to the English Lake District, from the homes of Burns to those of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Ruskin is not a long distance. The Lake District is a fertile, green mountainous region interspersed with beautiful small lakes. A week's time can be spent delightfully coaching or walking and climbing through the district. Much of it retains a rustic simplicity.

At the little village of Patterdale the shepherds of the surrounding country held, on a Saturday afternoon, a shepherd dog contest, in which the dogs would go out and gather up the sheep. That night the shepherds and the village people had a dance which I attended. Many of the dances were quaint, and had a vigorous complex movement. Between dances there were not sufficient chairs in the hall for all to sit down, so the men sat on the chairs and their partners on their knees. They did it without the least concern. The crowd was orderly, but there was healthy, rustic life, and all danced as if they realized Browning's sentiments in Saul:

Birthplace of Robert Burns

"O, the wild joy of living."

At Grassmere is the quiet, retiring "Dove Cottage," the home of Wordsworth, where he wrote "Daffodils" and many of his well-known poems. He is buried in the nearby church-yard, and a very modest headstone marks the resting-place of this poet's poet. At Coniston, only a few hours' drive, is the home of Ruskin. His house and grounds are large and pretentious. He sleeps in the village church-yard, and a very elaborately-carved stone stands at the head of his grave. Other houses are to be seen around these lakes that famous authors have occupied for their homes.

CHAPTER X.

IRISH ODDS AND ENDS.

IRELAND has about the same area and population as Ohio. Owing to the constant emigration to England and the United States, there are more Irish out of Ireland than at home. Recently there was rejoicing in the Emerald Isle, because the census showed but a small annual decrease in population.

Dublin is the ancient capital, and a very metropolitan city. It is a well-built, solidly-constructed city, with an attractive appearance. Sackville Street, its main thoroughfare, is very broad, and is ornamented with statues and monuments to the memory of Ireland's distinguished dead. The two most conspicuous monuments are a very tall, round shaft to Lord Nelson, Britain's greatest naval fighter, and a very large and elaborate group of statuary to Daniel O'Connell, styled the Irish liberator.

In Sackville Street and in College Green are many statues that are worth noticing. Three or four are by Ireland's great sculptor, Foley, who carved the statue of the Prince Consort, in the Albert Memorial in London, and who is himself buried among England's great in Westminster

Abbey. Among the statues that particularly arrest attention are those of Burke, Goldsmith, Tom Moore, the poet, Father Murphy, the temperance advocate, Grattan and Fox, the statesmen, and Lecky, the historian. They are men of whom Dublin may well be proud.

There are many objects of interest in Dublin. Occupying the center of the city, across the street from the old Parliament Houses, now the Bank of Ireland, is Trinity College. Its grounds embrace probably the most valuable forty-five acres in Dublin. It is a venerable institution of learning. The library contains some three hundred thousand volumes, and among its old manuscripts are some of the most valuable in the world. I saw a copy of a part of the Bible that dates back to the fifth century. Its most treasured possession is, however, the Book of Kells, being a copy of the New Testament, written and illuminated by the monks in the Irish monastery at Kells in the twelfth century. Every page is a picture, and every letter is a study in the finest decorative art. Their colors are not faded, but retain most of their original brightness and beauty. This permanency is thought to be due to the fact that in one of the religious wars the Book was thrown into a peat bog, and remained there for fifteen years. Peat has a remarkable preservative effect, and it has fixed these colors. In the college library, too, is the original harp

of Erin, which was taken as the model of the harp on the Irish coat of arms.

St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland. According to tradition he introduced Christianity, and drove out snakes. There have been no snakes in Ireland since. Although he lived in the fifth century, there are many legends and mementoes of him still to be found in Ireland. In the Gap of Dunloe, near Killarney, the guide pointed out to me the spot where St. Patrick killed the last snake. In Dublin there are more authentic reminders. In the museum is the altar bell which he used in his religious services, and which he described in his will. From the eleventh century the history of this old bell is well authenticated. That at that early date it was believed to have been St. Patrick's bell, is shown by a cover inlaid with worked gold and precious stones that was then made for the bell, and which cover is exhibited alongside the bell in the museum.

In Dublin, St. Patrick's Cathedral is said to be built over the well in which St. Patrick baptized his first converts to Christianity. By the irony of fate the majestic St. Patrick's Cathedral is now an Episcopal Cathedral, having been taken from the Catholics at the time of the Reformation, while the Catholics have a very plain, unpretentious structure for their cathedral. The famous caustic Dean Swift, author of Gulliver's

Kissing the Blarney Stone

Travels, was once dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and he and his Stella are buried near to one another beneath its pavements.

From Dublin I went down to Cork, and out to Blarney Castle. Have you kissed the Blarney Stone? is the oft-repeated question in Ireland.

Blarney Castle is an old Norman Castle some fourteen miles out from Cork, and built half a century before Columbus discovered America. It is now a well-preserved ruin. Its lower walls are some twelve feet thick, and it is about as tall as a ten-story building. Around its square top is a projecting parapet about nine feet high, resting on heavy stone brackets, and the lowest stone of this parapet, between two of these brackets, is the famous Blarney Stone. Tradition says that whoever kisses this stone will receive that gift of gab, or persuasive power of eloquence for which the Irish around Cork always have been noted.

To kiss this stone is no easy feat. The old way was to be lowered by the heels over the outside of the parapet, and thus kiss the stone.

Now one sits down on the pavement, alongside where a stone has been taken out of the floor of the projecting part of the parapet, and leans back over the cavity, while several persons grab him by the legs and lower him about five feet until he can get a hold of two iron bars, and then draw himself outward and upward and kiss this

celebrated stone. I felt considerable satisfaction as I was undergoing the exceedingly novel experience of viewing the world upside down, suspended a hundred feet up in the air, in the thought that two vigorous sailors from an English man-of-war were at my heels. I next helped to lower one of these sailors, and after we pulled him up he thanked me, and said that I had no idea what privileges the kissing of that stone would give him in every port of the world. He evidently intended to scatter the gift of eloquence.

I asked an Irish girl if she had kissed the Blarney Stone, and she quickly retorted, "Girls do not have to kiss it." However, American girls frequently astonish the natives and foreigners by doing it.

The effect of a myth or tradition is remarkable. Here is a plain piece of limestone, black and worn by the kissing of centuries, simply because in the dim past some one said that the kissing would give the kisser eloquence, and some one believed it. That tradition now supports a railroad built to carry the pilgrims from all parts of the world who come to kiss the old stone. Most of these pilgrims, strange to say, for they need the gift the least, are Americans. That same tradition has placed this stone with the Kaaba Stone at Mecca, and the American Pilgrim Rock, among the three most famous stones in the world.

Ireland is fine, and the Irish are finer. Every-

thing is green here except the people. They may not have a ready shilling, but they always have a ready answer. Every man here is every man's equal.

In Ireland every man is cordial. I was the sole occupant of a railway compartment going from Cork to Bantry when an old Irish fisherman and his wife entered. At once they began to talk. The old lady said that she had a sister keeping a boarding-house in Boston, and wondered if I knew her. Not happening to know her, I asked if she were coming to visit her sister. She answered that if ever she did she hoped that I would be on the ship, for she thought that I would make a fine companion on the voyage for her. When they left the train at the end of twenty miles they both shook hands with me, and the Irishman paused and said that he was sorry that the train did not stop long enough for me to go down street and take a drink with him. Who can help liking a land where there is such simple, genuine cordiality and hospitality.

Killarney is the beauty spot of Ireland. I reached it by going from Cork by rail three hours to Bantry, and then by coaching over what is known as the Prince of Wales route to Killarney. It is a two days' drive. Soon after leaving Bantry we passed through private estates with fuchsia hedges along the road, ten feet high, which were in blossom, and presenting an almost solid

mass of dark red flowers. The climate by the south coast of Ireland, due to the Gulf Stream, is almost semi-tropical. The coach passes along splendid roads that for a time skirt the sea, and then climb over mountain passes, and finally follow the shores of the beautiful lakes of Killarney. The country in this region is sparsely settled, and the small, one-story cabins are surrounded by little cultivated patches of about six to ten acres. There was more thrift and prosperity than I had expected to find. The country itself is green, while bright yellow and purple wild flowers give color and variety to the scene.

The town of Killarney is not very large; it is a delightful summer resort, near the meeting of the lakes of Killarney. There are here several large and pleasant summer hotels. It is a market-town, and the neighboring farmers drive their pigs into town on market-day. As they come to town on their small carts, drawn by smaller donkeys, they present a picturesque scene.

The industry at Killarney, that most interests travelers, is the Irish lace making. Much of it is made in the convents. I visited one of the convents to see how it was done. Girls and women were at work on Irish point and Irish crochet. Their wages are small, about twenty-five cents a day, and it takes from four to six months to make one of the finer collars.

As I could understand little about lace, I started to look in at some of the schoolrooms, when I met the Mother Superior. She took me through some half a dozen rooms, where healthy-looking, bright-eyed girls, answering to the well-known American names of Sullivan, Dwyer, and Nolan, were sitting on narrow benches, without backs, behind narrow desks. On the walls hung bright pictures. In one room about thirty little tots, from three to five years old, were coyly answering the questions of a fourteen-year-old kindergarten teacher.

The Mother Superior asked me if I had seen any of the old Irish dances, and as I had not, she gathered some dozen girls from twelve to fourteen years old in the music room. Here one of the nuns played dance music while the girls danced the heel and toe dance, the Irish jig, and other old and difficult dances. Then some of the girls played on the piano and violin and sang old Gaelic songs. Music is not a lost art in Ireland.

These Irish children are bright. Many I remember, but one little Irish girl stands out prominently. Towards evening, one day in Dublin, I was wandering slowly back to my hotel, when a little flower girl, as they often do, ran up and wanted to sell me a rose. Without looking down I declined to buy and wandered on, but when I stopped a block farther away to look in at a

store-window, I was surprised to find this same flower girl at my side, persisting that I should buy her rose. I then noticed that her rose was a very faded, dilapidated-looking flower, so I said to her, "Your rose is so wilted that I could not wear it." She looked up at me with a pretty smile and replied, "I know it, I have carried it all day and nobody will buy it, and I do so want a penny for it." Attracted by her frankness, I asked, "What would you do with a penny?" She replied that she would buy two boxes of matches for a penny, and sell them for a penny apiece, and thus make a penny. Thinking that such a business-like twelve-year-old flower girl should have some capital, I reached into my pocket, and finding a sixpence, gave it to her for her wilted rose. She was surprised into speechlessness, but her face beamed her thanks as she darted across the street for her home in the slum district. Before she rounded the corner she paused, with her face all aglow, bowed her parting thanks, and disappeared from my view. Her smiles made that faded rose cheap at a sixpence.

The Irish peasants and villagers at Killarney are always pleasant and interesting. In an old Irishman's curio shop of canes and shillalahs I bought a shillalah, and as I handled the ugly-looking, black-thorn stick I asked the old Irishman if they were used much now, and he replied, "Oh, no, only at election times." Their elections must be interesting.

The Irish coach drivers and boatsmen around Killarney point out many interesting spots. They show you a little island called the Devil's Bit, which they say is the last piece of ground owned by his satanic majesty in Ireland, and tell you that it is another case of absentee landlordism, for they understand that the devil has gone to Chicago. They also show you the Devil's Punch Bowl, containing a bottomless lake, and tell you how an Englishman took off his clothes and dived in, and finally came out without clothes in China.

There are many beautiful drives about Killarney, and the two native vehicles are the peasant's donkey-cart and the jaunting-car. An enthusiastic friend insisted that I should take a long drive on one of these peasant carts with her. Accordingly we mounted one of these springless, two-wheeled vehicles drawn by a little donkey, and, to the amusement of natives and tourists, started for a country drive. It takes some art to manage one of these little donkeys, and for some reason, which we could not discover, but which was apparent to all the natives, at first we could not make the donkey understand that we wanted to go, and next he started off so quickly that we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a donkey runaway, with half of the population yelling at us, or running to our assistance. We finally cleared the town and got out

onto the country roads where the donkey took his time. Before we reached town again I found walking much pleasanter than the pounding of the rough, springless cart.

The Irish jaunting-car is a vehicle the philosophy of which I was never able to solve. It is a high, two-wheeled cart with the driver on the front seat, and back of it, separated by a wide partition, are two seats looking away from one another, each large enough to hold two persons. If a couple take a ride, each must sit in these opposite seats with faces in the opposite direction. If you half turn and try to talk you are separated by this wide partition over the middle of the cart, and run the risk of being tossed off at every jolt. While riding in the jaunting-car is interesting as a curious means of transportation, yet I could never understand why the company-loving Irish should ever have invented such an unsociable vehicle.

One always feels a regret at the thought of leaving Ireland. The country is so green and attractive, and the people are all so cordial, good-natured, warm-hearted, and intense that before I knew it I found myself entering into their thoughts and feelings, and almost ready to take up their quarrels and fights. We were all ready to shout, "Erin go bras."

Water Carrier and Pigskin Water Bottle

CHAPTER XI.

A MOORISH CITY.

BARBARISM and civilization, Moslemism and Christianity are separated by the same narrow straits of Gibraltar that divide Africa from Europe and Morocco from Spain. It is but a few hours' ride from Gibraltar across the straits to Tangiers, but the transition is as great as from day to night. Tangiers is a barbarous, Oriental, Moslem city, that stands as a defiant out-post of the dark ages on the edge of modern civilization.

Tangiers is located on the northwest corner of Africa, and it is the seaport and diplomatic capital of Morocco. With its fine harbor it occupies a strategic position in the line of trade between Europe and Africa. Morocco is rich in undeveloped agricultural and mineral resources, but this great country possesses no railroads, wagon roads, or postal system of its own, and still preserves in the twentieth century its slave markets and slaves. Life and property in this country are so unsafe that no one can travel to its capital, Fez, one hundred and twenty-five miles inland, without an armed escort. When the waves of civilization roll over Morocco, as soon

they must, Tangiers will become one of the important cities of the world.

Now Tangiers is one of the most unique, Oriental, picturesque cities that a traveler can discover. It is a walled city of twenty thousand inhabitants, built on a hillside. Its flat-roofed houses of plastered brick, tinted white and various shades of blue, rise in terraces, with here and there projecting mosque towers and minarets of yellow and green tile. The color effect is striking.

Ships do not come up to the long, modern pier, but they anchor in the harbor, and one is landed amid clamorous Moors in small boats. Through a narrow tower gate in the walls by the pier crowds all the sea traffic of the northwest corner of Africa. At the gate is a motley, noisy jam of people and animals struggling to get in or out. There are no vehicles, but there are donkeys, mules, horses, camels, and cattle. Herds of cattle are being driven through and out into the sea where a rope is fastened around their horns, and, struggling, they are hoisted by derricks over the sides of the ships. Finally, the incoming traveler wedges his way among people and animals, and gets through this crowded gate into the city. I know of no city gate in Peking, China, that is as crowded or more interesting.

Street life in Tangiers is entertaining. The streets are narrow. The irregular main street

is not over twenty-five feet wide, while many of the thoroughfares are hardly ten feet across. These streets are often packed and jammed with caravans with all kinds of burdens, for everything is transported on the backs of animals. Frequently, so broad are the loads and so narrow the streets that traffic is congested by two of these burden bearers being stalled in an effort to pass. Then the streets resound with the strange oaths of the drivers.

The street life is noisy. The Moors have good lungs, and they exercise them constantly. They talk, and shout, and quarrel at their animals as they work. Then street venders cry their wares, while lithe Ethiopian water sellers run here and there ringing their bells and selling cups of drinking-water from hairy pigskin bottles to lazy Moors who sit or lie along the edges of the streets in constant danger of being tramped upon. Somehow I could not summon courage sufficient to drink water from one of these greasy, pigskin bottles, but I was told that the water was perfumed or sweet-scented.

The fat and swarthy Moors are picturesque. They wear long, loosely-flowing, hooded robes that reach to their knees. These robes are usually white, although the poorer laborers wear yellow bagging. Their lower legs are generally bare, and upon their feet are worn sandals with heel flaps down, so as to be easily removed. Their

head-dress is the red fez with black tassel, and below the fez is the white turban. Their costumes contrast with their complexions, which range from the darkness of the Spanish brunette to the blackness of the Ethiopian. Many of these Moors ride their Arab steeds well, and in the evenings towards sunset, as I saw groups of them galloping across the neighboring sands with their robes flying in the breezes, I thought that I was beholding one of my old geography pictures coming to life.

The women are seldom seen upon the streets. They have also long white robes with hoods which they draw closely over their heads when a man approaches, while about the lower part of their faces they wear white cloths so that little of the face can be seen. As about dusk they stalk silently along, in their whiteness, they suggest ghosts. I remember the first group I met in the twilight in a narrow street. As they saw me approach they half startled me by stopping, extending wide their arms and flapping their robes in gathering their hoods over their heads and faces. They then turned and stood with their faces to the wall until I passed. There was a spookiness about it all.

The residence streets are lined with solid blank walls, pierced by heavy solid doors, and with here and there in the upper story a very small window. The houses are built around central courts

covered with a skylight to insure privacy to the women. The light and air come through this court, which oftentimes is ornamented with flowers and fountains. Frequently the outer walls project almost a story above the flat roof of the house, so that there is an open story on top of the house to which the Moors repair at sunset to enjoy the evening breezes. As from my higher hotel windows I looked down upon these evening home rooms, it made a very attractive scene.

When I wandered through the business streets lined with small, open shops, hardly larger than prison cells, of which the principal content seemed to be the broad and swarthy Moor, who sits on a mat cross-legged, I wondered if they ever did any business, for their shops were always empty. In the broad market-place, however, there was the usual Oriental confusion. Meats, vegetables, and all sorts of articles were being sold. Here, too, were the Oriental story-tellers holding intent their listeners, while crowds were gathered around the jugglers and snake-charmers.

Tangiers is a Mohammedan city. One is never permitted to forget it. From the minarets of the mosques the muezzins at certain hours call the faithful to prayer. The first morning that I was in Tangiers I was awakened with a start by such a trumpet-like call in my ears to Allah, that I

thought that the muezzin must have gotten into my room. Then I discovered that the minaret of the great mosque was not far from my window, and that the muezzin on this mosque started the cry, which was taken up from minaret to minaret by the muezzins on all the mosques of the city, until the whole city echoed and reëchoed, and the faithful were all awakened. At twilight, too, as the faithful in their white robes, in response to the call, would glide along the narrow streets in soft sandals and slip silently into the mosques, there seemed a peculiar weirdness about it all.

Tangiers is fiercely Moslem, too. No Christian dare enter their mosques as he can in Constantinople. Once I was walking down a narrow street when some wild steers started to make a rush toward me. I quickly jumped upon a low step, when almost instantly a Moor ordered me off, for he said it was a mosque step, and no Christian must defile it.

One day a party of us were riding about the city on mules, and we stopped at a suburban inn for lunch, and after we had fed our muleteers they were half reclining on an embankment in a rollicking mood. They were so picturesque that some wanted their pictures, but when the cameras were brought out they quickly rolled over, threw their robes over their faces, and protested. We did not care to persist and provoke them, for at the time there were three European men-

of-war in the harbor loaded with marines ready to quell a riot and insurrection, and, just before, my guide had told me confidentially that in a month's time the Moors were going to rise and drive out all the Europeans, but would not hurt the Americans. The knives at their hilts were not very reassuring of peaceful intentions, and the question was, Would they stop to distinguish between Europeans and Americans?

Walking down one of the streets I heard a very peculiar noise coming from an upstairs window. I stopped and looked in, and saw about forty boys sitting cross-legged on the floor, swaying back and forth, repeating something in concert in Arabic, while upon a little raised platform, in the same posture, was a man doing likewise. My guide explained to me that it was a boys' school. When I wanted to know if I could not visit the school, he said that I could not for it was in a part of a mosque, and so no Christian could enter. The boys were then learning a lesson from the Koran.

Not far from the harem, which men are not permitted to visit, I came upon a Moorish court. It was in session in an open loggia of a large building. In one corner upon a mat sat cross-legged the judge, who had kicked off his sandals and was in his bare feet. He had a dignified air, and a grave and thoughtful countenance. There were seemingly no lawyers. The litigants got

down on their knees in front of the judge, and before they began their case they kissed the judge's bare feet. The parties to the suits were noisy and talkative, while the judge was silent, attentive, and reserved. Finally, with a wave of his hand, he would render his decision.

As I was starting to leave the court a Moorish girl of about twenty came rushing after me, and poured upon me a deluge of Arabic. Surprised, I asked my guide what she meant. He explained that she was begging me to go and plead with the pasha in her behalf. With a lawyer's instinct for a case, and with a lawyer's readiness to help any girl in trouble, even with no fee in sight, I was yet a little perplexed about taking the case on account of the necessary ceremony of kissing the judge's bare feet. However, I told my guide to get the facts. As she told them there was an abundance of tears, and in her excitement she threw back her hood and lowered the veil around her face, so that I saw a specimen of Moorish beauty. She had a bright eye, notwithstanding all her tears, and a pretty face. The facts were that she had had a fight with a man, that he had hurt her, and that she wanted me to ask the Pasha to put the man in jail. Across the street was the crowded jail, through the bars of which the wretched prisoners were begging pittances of passersby in order to buy food from their jailer. Not caring to help her

Moorish Women

put the man in such a prison, I declined to take her case. She was disconsolate as I walked away. Later in the day, when I was over in the market-place watching the snake-charmers, she came rushing down on me all smiles. She said that she had been to the British legation, and there they told her to return in the morning. Then I suspected that on account of the white linen suit and white cork helmet that I was wearing, that she had mistaken me for a foreign official. Soon the judge rode through the market on his white mule, and the people rushed up and kissed his garment. As the judge and the client disappeared in the crowd, I was glad that I was not practicing law in a Moorish Court.

CHAPTER XII.

SEVILLE.

FROM Tangier, Morocco, to Cadiz, Spain, is a choppy sea-ride of six hours. A poor sailor, though, is compensated amply by the surprising sea-view of Cadiz.

Cadiz is a white city. It stands out in the sea on a low, projecting rock, and is connected with the mainland by a neck so narrow that one can almost throw across it. Before its sea front there are dangerous hidden rocks, so the view of the blue waves dashing against its white walls is not obscured by any shipping. The result is the picture of a great white city resting on the blue waves. It made me think of a delicately-carved alabaster casket, with the towering white cathedral as the central figure, standing on an embossed cloth of blue.

Cadiz is an appropriate entrance to Spain for an American, for from the neighboring deserted port of Palos sailed Columbus on his voyage of discovery to America, while he returned to Cadiz itself. To Cadiz he was brought home on his third voyage a prisoner in chains.

From Cadiz to Seville is a ride of a hundred miles, either by river or train, through a country

partly fertile and partly made up of salt marshes. On the road is Jerez, a town of sixty thousand inhabitants from which is derived the word "Sherry," and at which is made the famous sherry wine. The great wine houses and warehouses can be seen from the train.

Seville is a prosperous commercial city, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand people crowded into a small area. Its history covers twenty-five centuries. In Roman days it was the birthplace of the Senecas, and a favorite city of Julius Caesar. In Moorish times it was a magnificent capital. When captured by the Christians more than three hundred thousand Moors were expelled. In Spanish days, Columbus brought his ships and trophies here on his return from America. On a Palm Sunday, in the great cathedral, Columbus was welcomed publicly, and to the same great cathedral his remains were brought by the Spaniards at the close of the recent Spanish-American war after they had reposed for centuries in Haiti and Havana. Near the same cathedral is now the Columbus Library, collected by his son, and containing, as its chief treasure, "A Treatise on the Biblical Indications of the New World," written by Columbus while in prison to avert receiving from the inquisition the crown of martyrdom for having presented Spain with a new world.

Seville is an open-air, pleasure-loving city.

The people take life leisurely, opening their shops and offices late, closing them for a long noon-day siesta, and finally quitting work early in the evening. The principal street is the Calle de Sierpes, a narrow, crowded street on which no vehicles are allowed. In summer it is protected from the sun by awnings stretched from the opposite roofs. It is lined with the leading shops, cafés, and clubs. The shop windows, with their lace mantillas, bright fans, and candied fruits, are very tempting.

The shopkeepers are polite and agreeable. In one of these little stores I was attracted by the delicacy of Spanish politeness. Just about closing time I stepped into a shop and bought about twenty dollars' worth of fans, and when I went to pay for them I was surprised to find that I had left my money in another coat at the hotel. As neither the shopkeeper nor myself could speak the other's language, by a series of gestures I made known my predicament and offered to leave the fans and return in the morning with the money for them. As soon as he grasped my meaning, with the most stately bows, he insisted that I should take the fans with me.

The home life of Seville is also largely an open-air one. The dwellings center around open courts, called "patios," which are usually paved with marble, and surrounded by marble colonnades. Frequently cooling fountains play in the

center, while the orange and pomegranate furnish shade, and flowers, bright-plumaged birds, and Oriental rugs and divans give color and luxury to the scene. The centering of the houses upon the patio lends to the semi-Oriental seclusion of Spanish life. The Spaniards are home-lovers, and the Spanish women usually lead a secluded home life.

I was interested in the criticism of American girls by a bright Spanish girl who had seen diplomatic life in Washington. She said that the peculiarity of American girls seemed to be their constant desire to get away from home, to go off to college, to Europe, to balls and theaters, to go any place to get away from home, while a Spanish girl wanted to be at home, unless she went away with her family.

Another feature of the Spanish house that leads to open-air life is the heavily-barred street windows of the homes, which make a residence street look like a street of jails. The only practical use to which I ever saw these bars put was in the separation of youthful lovers. The Spanish cavalier is not received in the parlor by his dark-eyed enchantress, but, with a guitar in hand, he leans up against the iron grating of the parlor window in the dusk of the evening, and plays and sings low, soft melodies, or whispers honeyed words to the velvet-eyed brunette within. To the colder American there is a touch

of the comical in this love-making, but the Spanish ardor does not seem to be cooled by iron bars.

This open-air courting furnishes much neighborhood gossip. In the street on which I was stopping there was an interesting courtship in progress between the only heirs of two wealthy families. The parents of both desired their marriage. At first the youth was ardent, and the maiden was cool. Then the youth, having his mind diverted by thoughts of voice culture in Paris, grew indifferent, while the maiden became coy, and all the parents insistent. Every morning we were informed at breakfast whether Alphonso had leaned for two or three hours the evening before against Teresa's windows, and then there was a general discussion of the indications of the probable ending. We soon all became as much interested in the courtship as if we were the principals ourselves. I left before the romance ended, so I have never known whether the gallant don married the beautiful signorita, or whether he went to Paris and forgot his neighbor. As all the world loves a lover, so all Spain delights in these open-air love affairs.

Seville is also an art-loving and a religious city. The chief treasures of Seville are the paintings of Murillo and the great cathedral. Seville was the birthplace of both Velasquez and Murillo, the two greatest Spanish painters, but

it possesses only one painting by Velasquez, while it is rich in the finest collection in the world of Murillo's.

Murillo was a deeply religious man, his son becoming a priest, and his daughter a nun, and his paintings were mostly of religious subjects for religious orders. His religious paintings, though, with realistic touch portrayed Sevillian life. There was no pretense of representing the life of Palestine. His models, background, and atmosphere were of the Seville he loved. To his Madonnas and Immaculate Conceptions he gave an Andalusian setting. They have the semi-Oriental brightness of coloring, the richness and happiness of life, and the fullness and beauty of form and figure that distinguish Seville. His children were Sevillian. The infants, Jesus and John, and the nimbus of angel children that beautify his paintings, are but portraits of the remarkably bright-eyed, fine-looking little fellows of Seville. Because Murillo, in his religious paintings, with the genius of a master, put on canvas this most delightful life of Seville, his paintings are among the most pleasing that can be found in any of the world's galleries. For the same reason they have been largely kept in Seville.

The Sevillians are a highly religious people. The loftiest material expression of the religious feelings of the Spaniards has been given in the

great cathedral of Seville. Some four centuries ago a chapter of poor monks in Seville resolved, "So to build a cathedral that all posterity shall call us madmen," and they builded the second largest cathedral in the world. In some ways it is the most impressive, awe-inspiring religious structure in the world. The exterior is a great mass of masonry, with turrets, towers, pinnacles, buttresses, and flying buttresses, all huge, but so symmetrical as to give but little suggestion of the immensity of the interior.

The interior is wonderful. In the subdued light, amid the shadows from the over-reaching arches, as I looked down through the long aisles and up into the vaulted heights, it seemed almost as if I were peering into infinity itself.

As figures do not readily convey definite ideas I shall describe the cathedral by comparison. Take an ordinary city church and lengthen it so that it would be a block long, and widen it so that, with connecting chapels, it would be a block wide, heighten the ceiling so that beneath the main aisle could be placed a large church with its tall spires; support its great roof upon graceful marble columns, yet so large that the extended arms of eight persons would be required to reach around; lighten it through lofty stained glass windows of such richness that they glisten like beautiful gems as the setting sun shines through them; ornament it with carvings in mar-

ble and wood; enrich it with shrines and altars of silver and gold and costliest marbles; beautify it with sculptures and paintings of the greatest artists, including masterpieces of Murillo; equip it with sixty priests; make it musical with the harmonies of five great pipe-organs; and dignify it with a graceful tower with walls ten feet thick of solid masonry, and reaching as high toward heaven as a twenty-eight-story sky-scraper. Then nationalize it with memories of Te Deums for victories won and new worlds discovered; solemnize it with memories of services for defeats and losses sustained; sanctify it with the bones of priests and saints; glorify it with the tombs and bodies of kings and queens, and the nation's great, including the remains of the world's greatest discoverer, Columbus; then mellow it all through the softening touches of four centuries, and harmonize it in all its parts through the master genius of some great architect, so that whoever walks beneath its lofty vaulted aisles feels the solemn sublimity of the great structure, and realizes that he is in one of those great worshiping places that belongs to no church and to no religion, but to all churches and to all religions, a temple that exalts man and glorifies God.

Such is the Cathedral of Seville. Such, too, is the chief treasure of Seville.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BULL FIGHT.

Bull-fights and Spain are associated ideas. For centuries, in all parts of the world, bull-fights have been the peculiar Spanish spectacle and amusement. In some three hundred rings, scattered throughout Spain, these fights are held every Sunday afternoon from Easter to November.

The best fights are at Seville, for the fiercest bulls and the bravest fighters come from the province of Andalusia, of which Seville is the capital. In Seville, for the purpose, there is a great, three-story, circular stone building surrounding a ring about two hundred feet in diameter. This great building will seat ten thousand people. The seats range in price from fifteen cents to two dollars and a half, those in the shade costing twice as much as similar ones in the sun.

The fight begins at four-thirty and lasts about two hours. Six bulls are killed. Once when I entered a little before four-thirty, the great building was packed, so that standing-room was at a premium. While waiting for the fight I surveyed the audience. It was composed of men and women, young and old, rich and poor.

Mothers had carried their babes, grandmothers had hobbled on their canes, while parents had brought their young sons and daughters, all out to see, as it were, a family matinee. It was, too, a bright and gay looking audience. The younger women wore white mantillas and carried bright parasols, while both men and women waved gorgeous fans. It was also a happy, good-natured, fanning, perspiring audience.

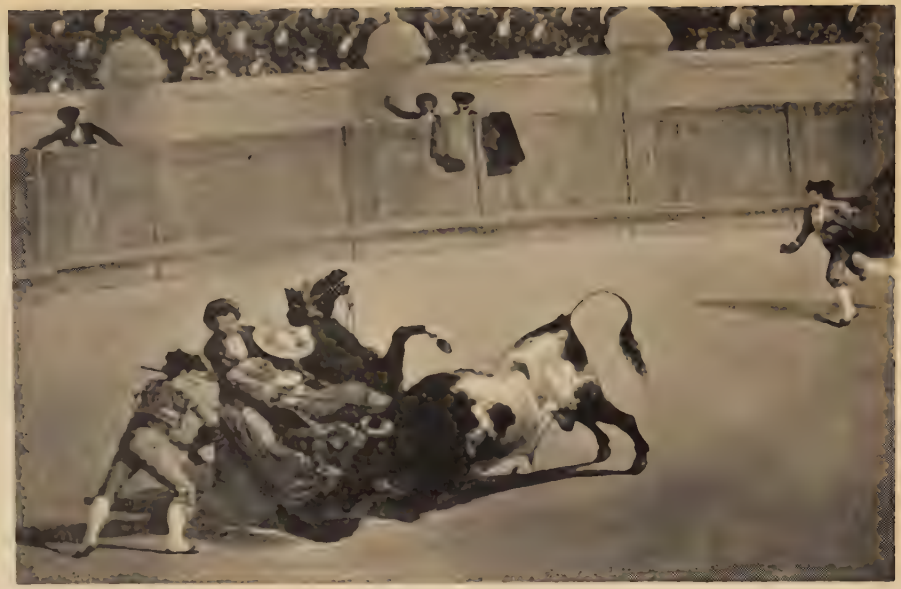
Suddenly there came the beat of drums, the blare of trumpets, and the grand entrée. Heading the procession were officers on spirited steeds, followed by bull-fighters and attendants on foot, and picadors, with long poles, on jaded horses, all dressed in the brilliant costumes of the middle ages, while at the end came two harnessed teams with three mules each, loud with tinkling bells. These teams are to be used for dragging out dead bulls and dead horses. While the band played loudly the procession crossed the ring and saluted the government official in his tribunal, for dignity is given to such occasions by an official presiding over the ceremonies. The venerable white-haired official, after a grave salute, tossed to the marshal the key to the bull-pen. Then the procession retired, except those who were to meet the first bull, who took their positions. When the ring was ready the marshal delivered his key to an attendant to open the door of the dark pen in which the bull had been kept for four or five

hours, and then he galloped rapidly out of the ring.

The gate of the pen flew open, and after a few seconds' suspense out cantered a great, magnificent yellow bull. As he came forward with head down and tail twisting and curling over his back, scenting danger, yet confident of his strength and power, for hitherto he had never met an equal, I could not help feeling for him admiration, and then pity at the thought that, after half an hour of cruel torment, this magnificent animal would be but cold, coarse meat.

With the entry of the bull the three-act tragedy begins; tragedy certainly for the bull, probably for the horses, and possibly for the men.

The first act consists of the receiving of the charges of the bull by the picadors, mounted on jaded, blind-folded horses. In the center of the ring the bull paused, when the picador advanced, shaking his pole at the bull. Then the bull lowered his head, plunged at the horse's chest, and in a minute horse and man were thrown into the air, and then they fell heavily to the ground. Instantly assistants shake bright robes in the bull's eye, and he turns and gives them chase, almost goring them as they leap the five-foot fence that surrounds the ring. In the meantime others have run to help the fallen man and horse. The man is pulled out, with his shoulder broken, and retires. The horse, crippled, is jerked to its



A Bull Fight

feet and led out to be killed. Thus exit the first man and horse. Another picador now advances. The infuriated bull makes a terrific lunge and up go horse and rider, and by some mishap they fall with the rider's head toward the bull. Instantly the great audience is on its feet in hushed expectancy. In the dust there is an indistinguishable mass of horse, man, and goring bull. Dexterous assistants throw bright mantles over the bull's face, and again he turns and chases them. Then the rider is pulled out uninjured. The audience cheers. The horse cannot stand, so with the sharp thrust of the cold steel his misery is ended. The audience scarcely notices it, but the bull returns several times to gore his carcass. The first act now ends. The excitable Spanish audience, by its cheers, shows its pleasure, while I have to seek the fresh air.

Soon the government official gives the signal for the second act. In consists in planting half a dozen barbed darts about two feet long, bright with colored tissue-paper, in the neck of the bull to infuriate him. The banderillero stands some twenty feet in front of the bull with a dart in either hand, and looking him in the eye, dares him to come on. The bull takes the dare and makes a rush. As he almost strikes, the man quickly jumps aside, and drives a dart in each side of the bull's neck as he plunges by. A misstep means death. Some half a dozen of these

barbed darts are driven into the bull's neck, causing the blood to run down his side and irritating him to a fury. This great yellow bull, with six of these in his neck, stood in the center of the ring, and with terrific writhing tried to shake them loose, and at his impotence pawed the ground in rage.

Then the signal was given for the third act. A celebrated espada, or bull-killer, with his keen sword, and with a bright red rag, and with his hair fixed in a little pig-tail, after their style, entered the ring amid tremendous applause. These men become famous among the people, and their pictures are to be seen in shop-windows and on postal cards. One has recently retired to enter the Spanish Parliament. As their business is dangerous, they receive large compensation, one receiving in a single year sixty thousand dollars, or more than the President of the United States.

This espada advances towards the bull and teases him with his red cloth, but avoids his charges. When opportunity offers he steps out of the bull's path and tries to pierce him as he dashes by. The first attempt was a failure, and the sword flew from his hand into the air. The second time the bull passed near him, he quickly avoided his horns, and through his neck drove the sword deep and true to his heart. The big bull tottered, writhed, spurted blood from mouth and

nostrils, and fell dead. The audience arose in wild applause, children waving their handkerchiefs, women their parasols, and men tossing their hats into the air and ring. The espada, with the stately step of an actor, bowed his acknowledgments as he walked out of the ring. The two teams of mules with their tinkling bells came hastily in and dragged out the dead horse and the dead bull. The bull was taken to the butcher's for meat. The arena was then sanded for the next bull. Six times that Sunday afternoon the same three-act tragedy was repeated as a pleasant, after-church family matinee for the emotional Spaniards. I did not remain. I hastened out and walked for miles through the beautiful parks and along the quiet banks of the Guadalquiver trying to compose my nerves. The horror of the bull-fight long haunted me, so that the sign Plaza de Toros on the street-cars almost sickened me. Yet it is the great national spectacle, and no one should visit Spain without witnessing a bull-fight.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ALHAMBRA.

FOR seven centuries the Moors ruled in southern Spain. They have left as their architectural wonders, the Alcazar, or old palace of the Moorish kings in Seville, which later Spanish kings have greatly remodeled; the Giralda tower in Seville, of which the Madison Square Garden tower in New York City is a copy; and the Mosque at Cordova, and the Alhambra at Granada.

The Mosque of Cordova is the second in size in the world, being exceeded only by the one at Mecca. It alone is left in Cordova to suggest the magnificence of this city when it was the western seat of Arabic power and learning.

The old mosque is one of the architectural surprises of the world. It was two centuries in building, and is over a thousand years old. Its exterior is disappointing. It is a low, flat structure, more than a block long and a block wide, surrounded by a wall of thick masonry.

The interior is an astonishment and a bewilderment. More than eight hundred and fifty polished columns of jasper, porphyry, and alabaster of various tints and colors support double, inter-

The Mosque of Cordova

lacing horseshoe arches, on which rests the roof. In the subdued light it looks like a vast forest of marble trunks and over-spreading branches. There are nineteen long aisles of these columns. Figures give no idea of the effect. They rather tend to make seem definite and certain what is here so impressive because of its vagueness and uncertainty.

At Granada is the Alhambra. Washington Irving so artistically described this great old Moorish fortress and palace, and wove so beautifully stories of romance about its deserted courts, crumbling walls, and ruined towers that his book, in translations, has been read by all peoples, and in their fancy the Alhambra is the world's center of enchantment and romance. Since Washington Irving, no traveler has ever attempted to give more than a matter-of-fact description of the Alhambra.

The Alhambra occupies the top of a hill which rises almost perpendicularly about four hundred feet above the city of Granada. Here high parapeted walls enclose a tract of ground about two blocks wide and four blocks long. Within these walls are palaces, fortress, and homes of retainers. Forty thousand Moorish troops were once gathered within them.

The approach from Granada is by winding roads through one of the most beautiful forests of elms in the world, and past the large hotel,

Washington Irving, which nestles under the vine-covered walls of the Alhambra. The principal entrance is through the Gate of Judgment, a solid, massive tower gateway, built in 1448, with heavy wooden doors covered with iron to resist assault. It was called the "Gate of Justice" or "Gate of the Law," because after the Oriental custom, as still can be seen at Tangiers, judges sat in the gate and administered justice.

Passing through the gate one enters a small park with trimmed myrtle hedges and a little booth for selling water. Beneath the park is a large old Moorish cistern, to which water-carriers from Granada come with their cans.

At one end of the park is the old fortress, and at the other the royal palace. The exterior of the palace shows only blank walls two stories high. Within are a group of buildings constructed around open courts. Here is the beautiful Court of Myrtles with a large pool in the center, and at one end the Hall of Ambassadors, the finest old Moorish hall in existence. It is about forty feet square by sixty feet high. Its walls are covered with elaborate Moorish stucco, or plaster tracery, that looks like carved ivory. The floors are of tile, and the hall is wainscoted with bright tile, while the ceiling is domed, made of wood, and carved like bee cells or stalactites. The windows and doors have beautiful horseshoe arches.

Across the Court of Myrtles is the entrance to the Court of Lions. In the center is a graceful marble fountain, supported on the backs of twelve marble lions, while around the court is an arcade with its walls covered with plaster tracery, and its roof supported by over a hundred delicately-carved marble columns. It is the personification of grace and beauty. Adjoining are the beautiful apartments of the sultana and harem, while down beneath there is an elaborate system of marble baths and marble alcoves on which reclined readers who read romances to the bathers.

Near the royal palace of the Moors towers the great, uncompleted circular palace of the Emperor, Charles V., which looks like the ruins of a Roman colosseum, and mars the Oriental beauty of the Alhambra.

Cold and matter of fact is this description of this palace of beauty and enchantment. Silent, too, seems the palace, and one looks now and then expectantly along the porticoes for a white-robed, swarthy Moor, and then stealthily glances up at a latticed window to catch a glimpse of a smile from some dark-eyed beauty, but he looks in vain.

From the highest tower of the old fortress, which is now dismantled, there is a very picturesque view. Below is Granada with less than a hundred thousand inhabitants, but which had,

when captured from the Moors, more than half a million. Far beyond the out-skirts of the present city still stand the massive walls of old Moorish Granada. Across the city is the rich and fertile valley of the Darro, which seems like an oasis in the desert of sandy Spain. This valley was known as the Vega, and for centuries here contended many a Saracen and Christian knight in tournament, while from this same tower Moorish ladies applauded valiant deeds. In the distance is the mountain from which Boabdil, the last king of the Moors, viewed for the last time Granada. To this day it is called "The Last Look of the Moor." Tradition says that here he paused, and that as he turned and gazed at his lost capital and the Alhambra, tears came into his eyes, but his spirited mother upbraided him, saying, "Weep not like a woman, for what you could not defend like a man." Over and above this mountain, as a background to the scene, rise the lofty Sierra Nevadas with their perpetual snow-covered summits.

From the tower, too, one sees on the opposite hillside long rows of small white-washed caves cut into the rock and occupied by Spanish gypsies. For a small fee these strange, graceful people will don their bright colored costumes and sing wild songs, and dance to the strains of the castanet, guitar, and tambourine, fantastic Oriental dances. They alone, in Granada, remain of

the peoples of the Orient. The remnant of the Moors, some half million in number, were all expelled from Spain by Phillip III. about a century after Ferdinand and Isabella captured the Alhambra.

From the tower, also, one looks down upon the old cathedral where quietly sleep Ferdinand and Isabella, who, in the same year that they sent Columbus forth to discover a new world, drove forever Moorish romance and enchantment from this old Alhambra.

No one ever leaves Granada without visiting their graves. There are certain graves in the world that have become shrines for lovers. In the Père Lachaise Cemetery, in Paris, the graves of Abelard and Heloise, who have been dead for centuries, are still kept covered with fresh bouquets thrown upon them by disappointed lovers. The graves of Dean Swift and Stella in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, always draw a passing tribute; while no lover ever comes upon the distant graves of Elizabeth and Robert Browning, the one in the quiet English cemetery in Florence, and the other in Westminster Abbey in London, without feeling shocked that these romantic elopers and ardent lovers should be separated so far in death. Likewise, lovers, and lovers of the romantic make pilgrimage to the graves of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Royal

Chapel of the great memorial cathedral at Granada.

More romance, more hair-breadth escapes, more overcoming of obstacles were crowded into the youthful lives of Ferdinand and Isabella than into those of any hero or heroine of drama or fiction. Both were born of royal parents, yet neither was born as heir apparent to the throne. Both had brothers to stand between them and the throne, yet both succeeded to their thrones through war, blood-shed, and death of brothers.

When it became probable that Isabella would become queen she was overburdened with suitors. At fourteen the much older King of Portugal wanted to marry her, but when she saw him she absolutely refused. Then her brother selected for her husband a powerful Spanish nobleman whom she detested, but whom, despite her tears and protests, she was ordered to marry. He was on his way to the wedding with a large retinue, when he suddenly sickened and died. She was then betrothed to Carlos, the elder brother of Ferdinand, but Carlos, after many disagreements with his father, old King John, suddenly died. Many whispered "poison." Now the suitors were legion. Most of them she had never seen. Isabella was now eighteen and had grown prudent. She sent her chaplain to the various courts to view her suitors. He returned and reported in favor of Ferdinand. She determined

to marry him. Her brother, the king, decided that she should marry the King of Portugal, and sent troops to capture her and lock her in prison until she should marry the old king. Forewarned, she notified her good friend, the Archbishop of Toledo, who quickly came with soldiers and took her north. She now sent word to Ferdinand to hasten and marry her, although they had never seen one another.

When Ferdinand received the message, he and his father, old King John, were delighted, but perplexed, for there was a great rebellion in progress in King John's country, and his treasury was empty, so that he neither had troops with which safely to escort Ferdinand to the frontier, nor money with which to pay the wedding expenses. They called a council of state, and it was decided that Ferdinand, with only six attendants, should try to steal through the enemy's country, which was strongly fortified and closely guarded. Disguised as merchants, Ferdinand, acting as a servant, waiting on the table and caring for the horses, they traveled by night. Their only mishap was that Ferdinand, with a lover's forgetfulness, left at an inn his purse of gold. Finally they reached a castle occupied by Isabella's friends, but before they could make known their identity a sentinel hurled a large stone, which narrowly missed Ferdinand's head.

When Ferdinand and Isabella met it was love

at first sight. At once they ordered the wedding, but there were still two obstacles. Both of these future mighty monarchs were so poor that neither had money to pay the wedding expenses; but finally they managed to borrow it. Then they were first cousins within that degree of relationship that the Catholic Church forbids matrimony without a papal dispensation. Old King John and the good friend, the Archbishop of Toledo, had foreseen this difficulty, and as the Pope was unfriendly they conveniently had a papal bull forged. Later, from a friendly pope, a genuine dispensation was obtained, but Isabella never fully forgave this fraud. Finally, in the presence of two thousand people, the marriage was celebrated. After it was over Isabella sent word to her brother that it was done, and he forgave her.

In a short time Isabella became Queen of Castile and Ferdinand King of Aragon, and together they united Spain into one country over which they jointly ruled. Prescott epitomizes their reign by saying, "A Spaniard will fix his eye on the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella as the most glorious epoch in the annals of his country."

Isabella was the good star of Ferdinand, and Ferdinand the valiant knight of Isabella. Together they lived, and loved, and ruled for thirty-five years. Then Isabella sickened and died. In accordance with her request, with much difficulty her remains were brought from the far

North, amidst continuous rains and storms, and placed in a vault in a convent in the Alhambra. Ferdinand lingered for twelve years longer. He had lost his guiding genius and he degenerated. He married a giddy girl in her teens, and her gayeties embittered his life with the pangs of jealousy. Of that marriage the world little remembers. Finally, in his palace in the Alhambra, Ferdinand died, and in the vault of the Alhambra convent he was restored to the companionship of his good Isabella. Later their grandson, Emperor Charles V., removed their bodies to the great Granada Cathedral. Here, together in one great tomb, they lie, and above them, chiseled in white marble, are their royally-robed recumbent figures. Though they expelled forever enchantment and romance from the Arabic palace of the Alhambra, yet their tombs in the Granada Cathedral remain as pilgrim shrines to lovers, and to lovers of romance.

CHAPTER XV.

ITALIAN FRAGMENTS.

Bryant's lines in Thanatopsis might be changed to read:

> "To him, who in the love of Italy,
> Holds communion with her visible forms,
> She speaks a various language."

Italy probably appeals more strongly to the different sides and sentiments of a person than any other country in the world. To his religious side she speaks through the association of St. Paul and St. Peter with the prisons of Rome, and through the memories of the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs in the catacombs and Colosseum. To the same side she also speaks through the highest representations of Christian art. To the Catholic she appeals through St. Peter's, the Vatican, and the Pope. The student of history, the lawyer, the law-giver, and the archeologist she addresses through the forums, triumphal arches, and numerous ruins. To the lover of art, and of the artistic, she is eloquent with her mosaics, paintings, statuary, and cathedrals, with the masterpieces of Michelangelo, Raphael, and a host of other artists, any of whom would give renown to any country.

For a man's lighter moods she has an equally attractive language. The sky, the water, the people all delight him. In this land of the hot sun and clear sky, the bright-hearted, good-natured people are always on exhibition. Particularly is this so in Naples. Life has practically no privacy here. The people eat, sleep, cook, wash, work, and make their toilets on the open street. For instance, the neighborhood hairdresser combs and arranges a girl's hair (all these Italian girls take special care of their hair) in the middle of the sidewalk, while an intent mother near by goes hunting for wild game among the scanty locks of a squalling infant. Naples is an open-air museum of actual life.

The Italian water and the sky make their appeal to the romantic side of one's nature. In all the world there is nothing more romantic than the lazy, dreamy, drifting in a Venetian gondola in the moonlight, when one's musings are given a half tone and form by the notes of a guitar or mandolin, or by the low voices of serenaders. The beautiful Bay of Naples, also, on a summer moonlight night has its charms. Then it is crowded with row-boats of pleasure-seekers, playing and singing, while the moon comes up over the sea on one side, and on the other there is the long, bright red streak of the new fissure on the side of Vesuvius, and on top of old Vesuvius is the intermittent puff of smoke and flame.

There is the appeal, also, to the more vigorous side of the romantic in a stroll by moonlight through the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome.

One night as we walked through the long, dark arches out into the arena, brightened here and there by the moon that poured its beams through the lofty windows of this great structure, and looked from this arena, once the scene of the fights of gladiators and wild animals, and lighted in Nero's times by torches made of the blazing bodies of Christians, up into the seats where sat the emperor and his court, and then on up into the higher tiers, once crowded with the applauding, merciless populace, then all life and brightness, but dark now except for the straggling moonbeams; and silent now, except for the mewing of a stray, lonesome kitten, and also for the whirring of the wings of an encircling bat, there was aroused a strange uninterpretable feeling of the oppressive form of the romantic.

To the lover of people, Naples is particularly attractive. There is in Naples crowded life and much poverty. One evening, as a young lady from Canandaigua stopped to admire the dark eyes of a smiling infant in the arms of a street urchin, I reached into my pocket to get a penny for the child, but before I could bring it out we were surrounded by a howling mob of boys and girls with and without infants in their arms, yelling, shrieking, laughing, dancing, and turn-

ing handsprings, all with bright eyes intent on mine, anxious to attract a penny. Where they came from we could not tell. This motley, picturesque, shrieking, unwashed crowd of youngsters, with clothes torn and tattered, formed our escort back to the hotel, falling over themselves now and then as I would toss them a coin. The young lady was at first embarrassed, but she soon discovered the interest in the situation. We had admired the halo of infants' heads in Raphael's paintings, and here was the same halo that Raphael had found for his models.

When we approached the hotel our escort made so much commotion that it brought the hotel porter, and it was amusing to see his vigorous onslaught onto our body-guard, and when he had scattered them to the four winds from whence they came, there was a triumphant look in his eyes as if he had rescued us from a dangerous army of the enemy, rather than from a playful horde of boys and girls who realize better than we the buying power of a penny. The wealth of Carnegie, though, would ameliorate little the poverty of Naples.

These Italian boys are bright. One day I was walking down a narrow street in Amalfi where half a dozen boys were playing. One bigger boy hit another and made him cry. When I came up I told the little fellow to stop crying and handed him a few cents. When a little

later I came back down the street a larger crowd of boys had gathered, and as I drew near they all struck one another and put their arms over their eyes pretending to weep, but keeping a peep-hole for me. When I stopped and laughed at their farce they laughed too, and cheered me as I passed on.

Several weeks I spent pleasantly at Sorrento, a famous Italian winter and summer resort, fifteen miles across the bay from Naples. It is situated on a high cliff and commands a beautiful view of the blue bay, of smoking Vesuvius, of rocky Capri, and of Naples in the distance; reminding one of the Italian proverb, "Vedi Napoli e poi mouri" ("See Naples and afterwards die"). Its charms attract all tourists to southern Italy, while many Americans linger here. Marion Crawford has built here an imposing villa on the edge of a cliff that rises perpendicularly several hundred feet above the sea, where he writes his many novels.

About Sorrento are many fine drives. One of the most famous in the world is from Sorrento to Amalfi. It follows the windings of the sea, along the top of terraces, or clinging to rocky mountain sides, frequently passing through tunnels, and then on bridges high over fishing villages of stone houses that nestle in deep ravines down by the sea. The drive is one continuous unfolding of beautiful views of mountain and sea.

Up on mountain crags are ruined Saracen towers, and down in the sea are the Syren Islands of Ulysses, reminding one of the Moslem daring and of Greek mythology.

These Italian roads are admirably constructed. They are as smooth and solid as an asphalt pavement, and though they pass over mountains the grades are so easy that the horses can trot the whole distance.

Our carriage driver about Sorrento was a pleasant youth that understood a few English words. Asking him about the conspicuous absence of a front tooth, his face glowed as he explained that he had had a beautiful fight, that he had been very courageous, and had lost his tooth, but that he had broken more of his opponents.

The eating at Sorrento was good. There are some exceptionally fine Italian dishes, like fresh fried sardines caught off the coast here, cooked with some pleasant-flavored sea weed. Macaroni and spaghetti are served in those delicious ways found only in southern Italy. Spaghetti is about as long and as thin as a shoe-string, and usually embarrasses an American trying to eat it by wrapping it around his fork, without cutting it, as an Italian does. An American lady told me that she was mortified when the spaghetti slipped off her fork, leaving one end in her stomach and the other on her plate.

One day, driving up in the mountains, we were caught in a storm and took refuge in a village inn. My friends ordered beer, and asked our drivers what they would have to drink. They said that they would take beer also. The landlord took us aside and told us that beer was too expensive to give drivers, but that he would give them wine instead. We told him that we wished to gratify them and to give them the beer. They afterwards told us that it was the first beer that they had tasted, and that they thought it had a very peculiar taste. They had drank always their Italian wines.

I ordered a glass of milk. When I tasted it I remarked to my friends that it was very warm and very sweet, as if a sugar-bowl had been emptied into it. Thinking that it was some special Italian concoction, I drank it down. When I finished I turned and looked out of the window and saw there the goat that had been milched for me. They drive the goats up to the houses, and, in apartments frequently upstairs, and milch them before the door.

Not far from Sorrento is the Island of Capri with its famous Blue Grotto. It is a cavern washed in the side of the island by the sea, and is of about the size of a very large theater or auditorium. Small row-boats come out to the steamer and take one into the grotto. The entrance is so low and narrow that only in a

In Sunny Europe

quiet sea can one enter, and then only one boat can go in at a time, and every one, with ducked head, must sit on the bottom of the boat. A wave tried to enter with me and it mostly went down my neck, while the boat hit the top of the entrance. The sea has here a deep indigo color, and as the light comes into the grotto chiefly through the water, it gives the air, the roof, the boat, and the people a most weird and fantastic blue color.

Life on Capri is pleasant. The climate is delightful. There are no excesses of heat or cold. There is an abundance of fruit. In the grove around the hotel grow the grape, the fig, the olive, the lemon, and the orange. When one wants fruit he can pick it from the vine or tree. Oranges ripen in November, but they remain on the tree a second year, and are picked as they are needed. As I roamed through the country I would give a peasant a little money to pick me a few oranges fresh from the tree. They seemed unusually delicious. Olives grow on all the terraced mountain sides, and with their gray-tinted leaves give a peculiar color to the landscape. The Italians are careful horticulturists, and about their trees and vines no weeds or grass grow, but the ground is carefully worked.

Life in all of its forms here is attractive. At the excellence of the summer and country hotels I have been surprised. They are built of stone

with walls two feet thick, keeping out the heat, but with casement windows that admit plenty of fresh air. The floors, even in the bedrooms, are of tile, and everything is exceptionally neat and clean.

From Capri is to be seen one of the famous sunset views of the world. One evening I climbed the long, winding walk between high walls, up and down which chase lizards, to view the sunset from the old villa of the Roman Emperor, Tiberias. It stands on a precipitous rock twelve hundred feet above the sea. We dropped some stones over the rock into the sea, and it took between ten and twelve seconds by our watch before the stones splashed. Over this same rock, Tiberias, in wrath or for amusement, is said to have thrown some of his slaves. On the summit of the rock now is a chapel, and a great gilded statue of the Savior, and a lone monk who points out the beauties of the scenery. Glorious was the view of the golden sunset, with its path of brilliancy across the sea.

After viewing for a while the sunset, I wandered down a little distance among the ruins of the ancient villa, and came upon a swarthy old Italian woman with seamed face and one projecting tooth. Playing about her was a little grandchild of three with a bright, peculiar flower which she presented to me, and for which I gave her a copper. I asked for more of these, so the

old woman went off and gathered me a bunch of these beautiful flowers, which she told me was the flower of Capri. She directed me to present them to my bella signorita. She had also a green pod about which she talked with her hands, eyes, tooth, and tongue with great animation, and from her combined language I discovered that the green pod was a love charm, and that she wanted me to give it also to the bella signorita. The Italians about here are quite superstitious, and believe in the evil eye and all sorts of charms. I gratified the old woman's desire, for she seemed to be reliving her youthful romantic days as she described this love charm, and I took the pod and flower and presented them down at the hotel to an American bella signorita. The love charm from the old woman of the ruins of Tiberias' villa has, as yet, had no effect upon the American bella signorita.

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